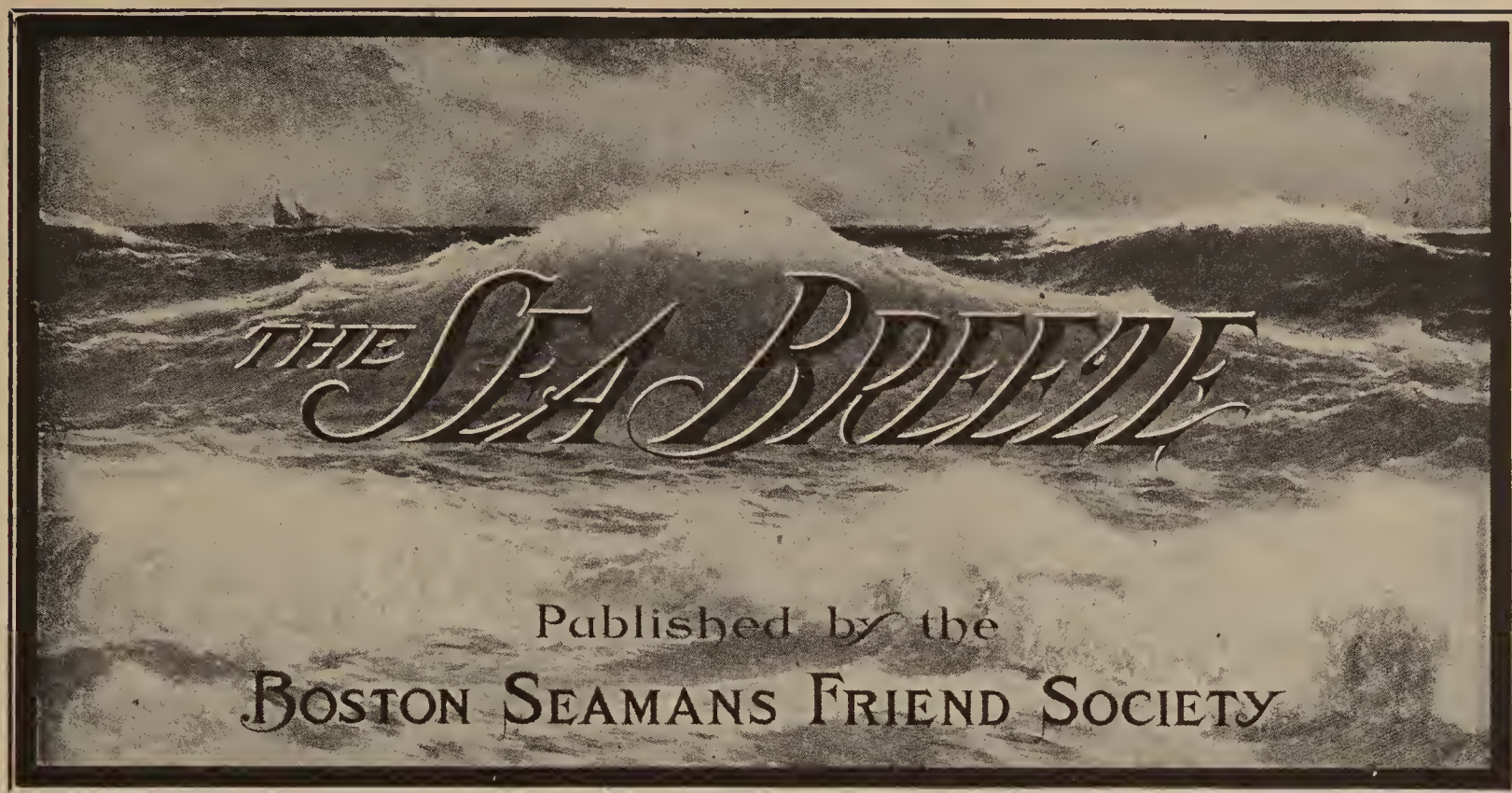


One Hundredth Anniversary Number



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Vol. XL.

BOSTON, MASS., JANUARY, 1928.

No. 2.



THE "GAME COCK."

The "Game-Cock" was one of the American clippers. She was designed by Samuel H. Pook, a twenty-three-year Bostonian and built by Samuel Hale at East Boston in 1850. This square rigger was of 1,392 tons burden and plied her trade between California and the Far East. The "Game Cock" made a run from San Francisco to Hong-Kong in thirty-five days.

Boston Seaman's Friend Society, Inc.

Organized 1827.

Incorporated 1829.

Reincorporated 1922.

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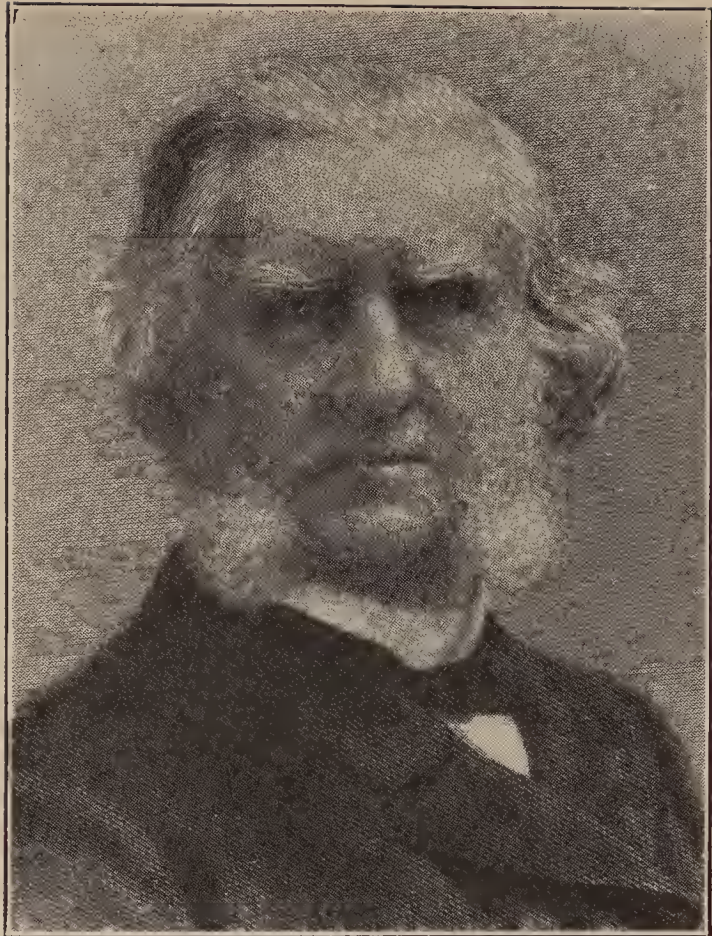
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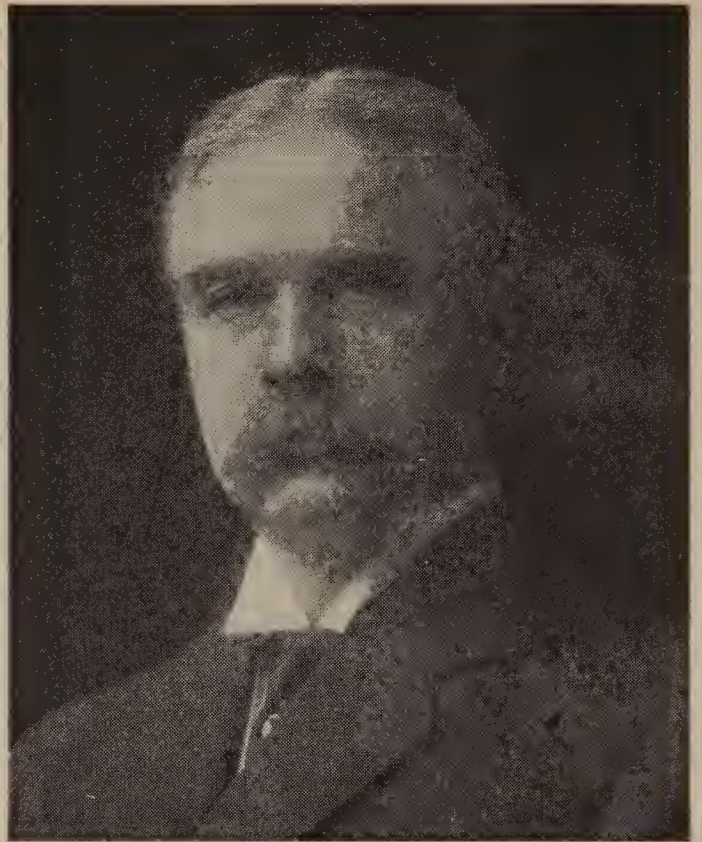
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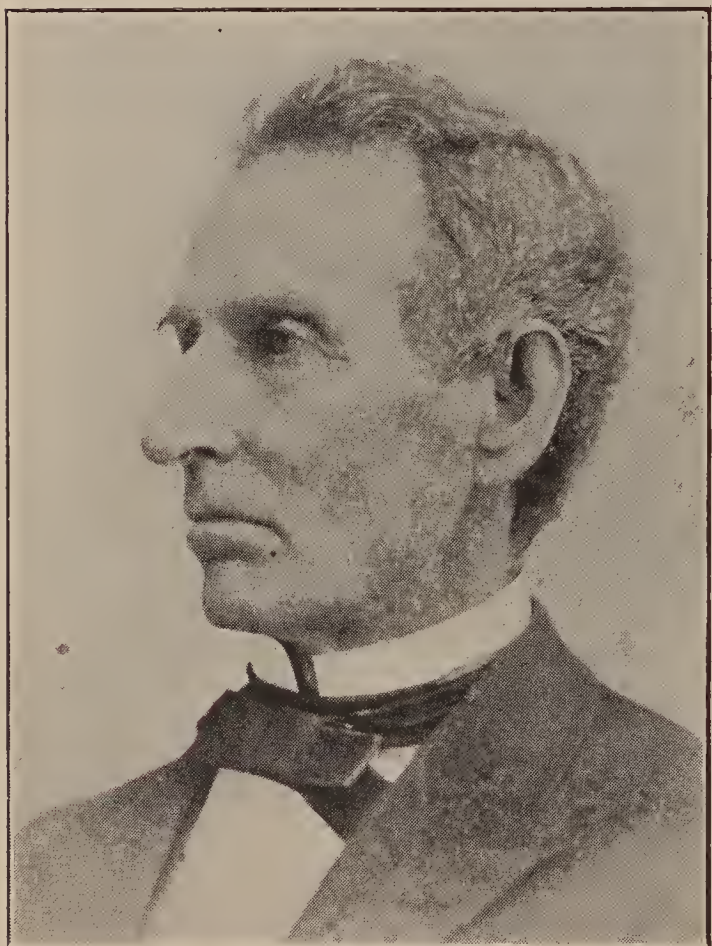
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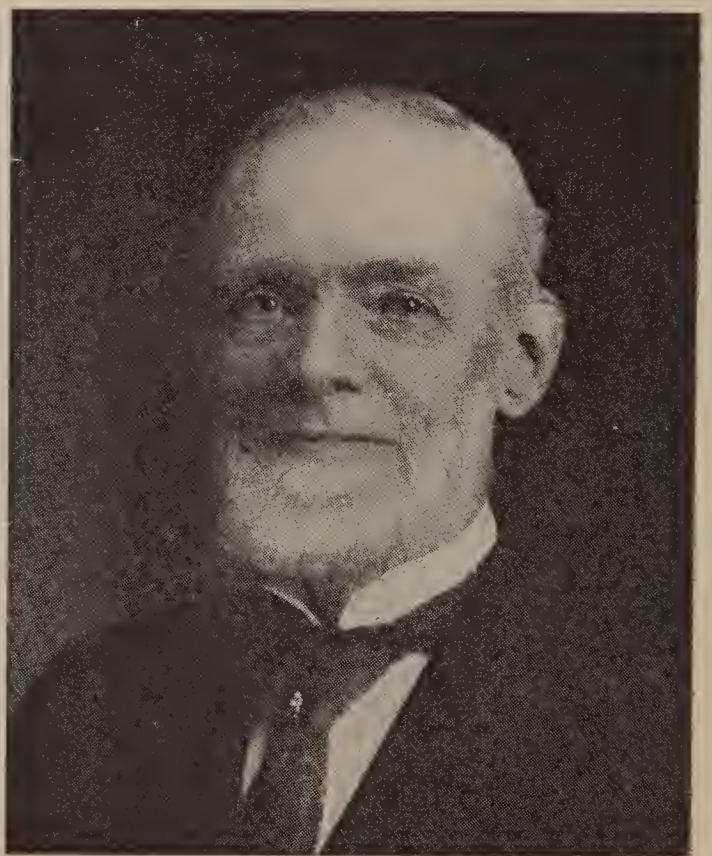
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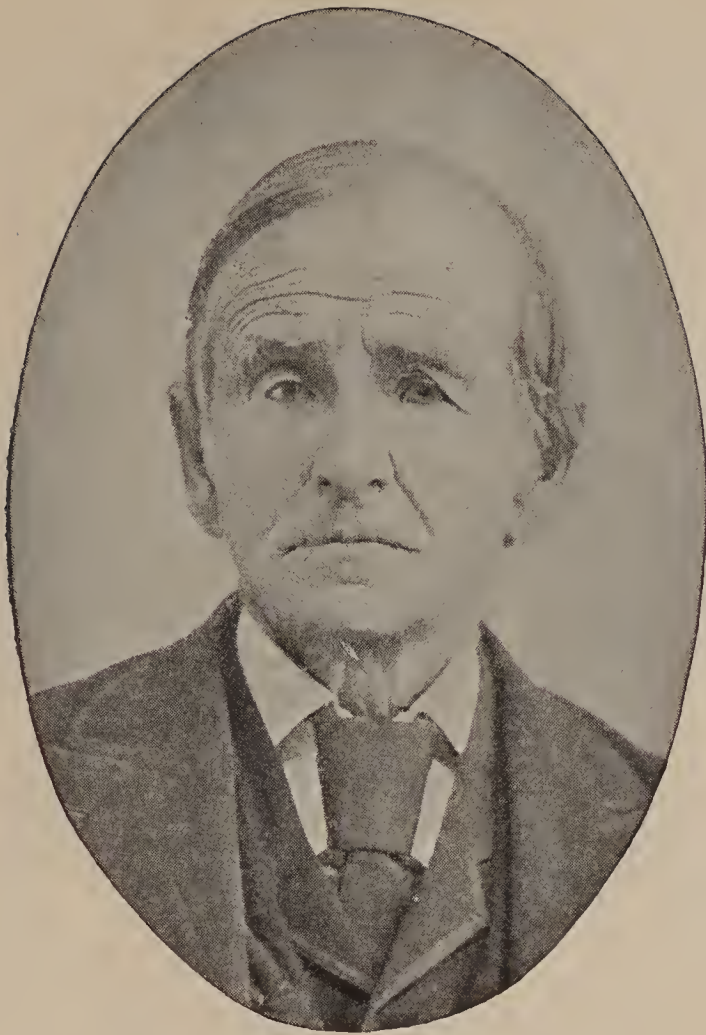
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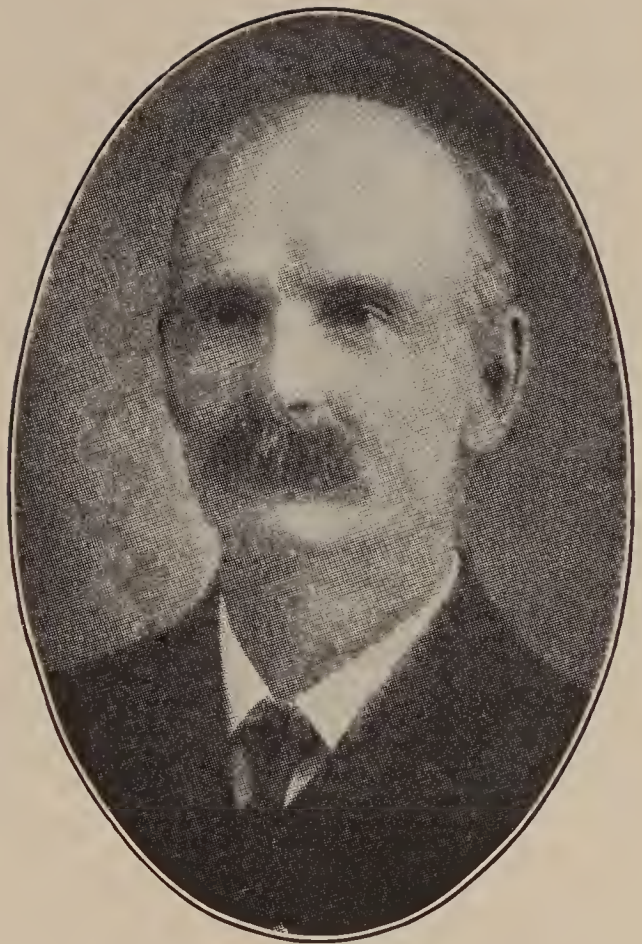
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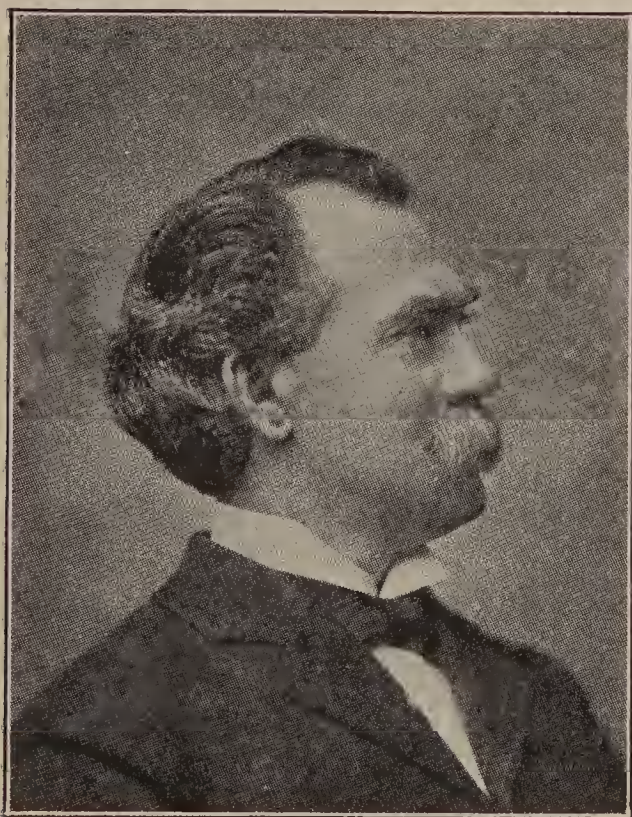
MR. CHARLES F. STRATTON
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Treasurer, 1906-



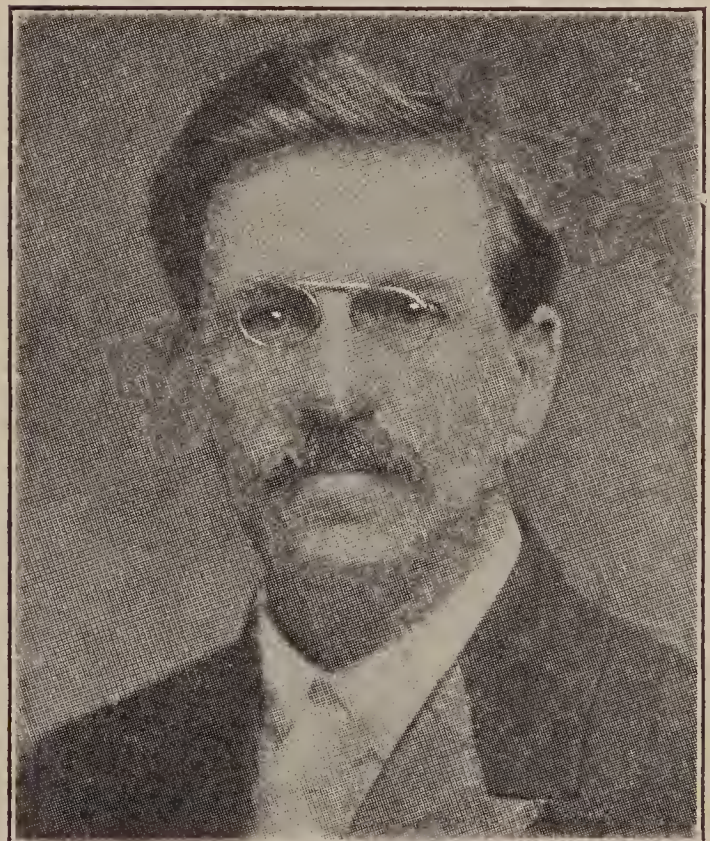
REV. ELIJAH KELLOGG
Chaplain, 1855-1865



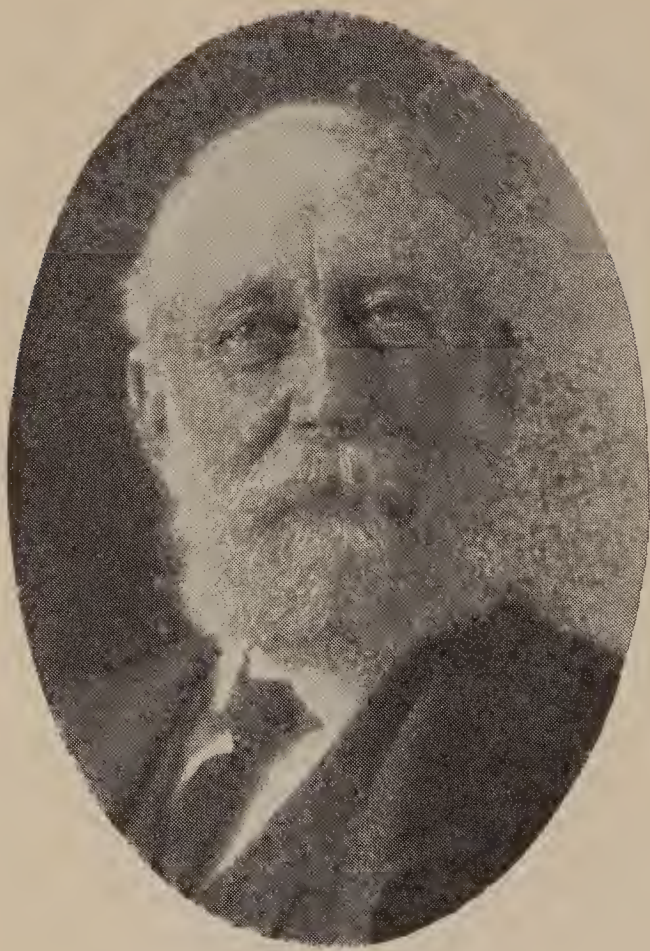
CAPTAIN MADISON EDWARDS
Chaplain, Vineyard Haven, 1888-1926



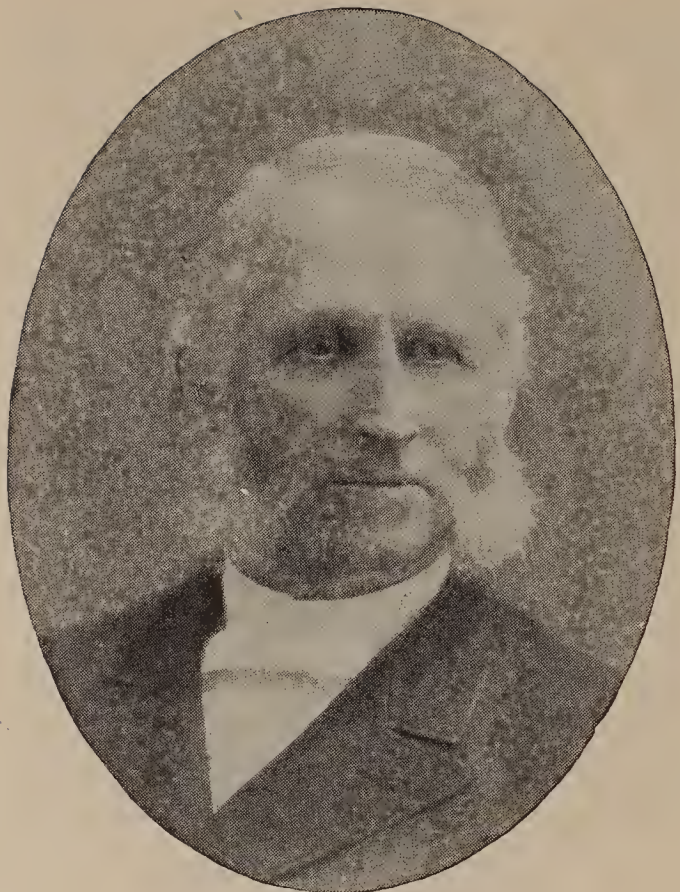
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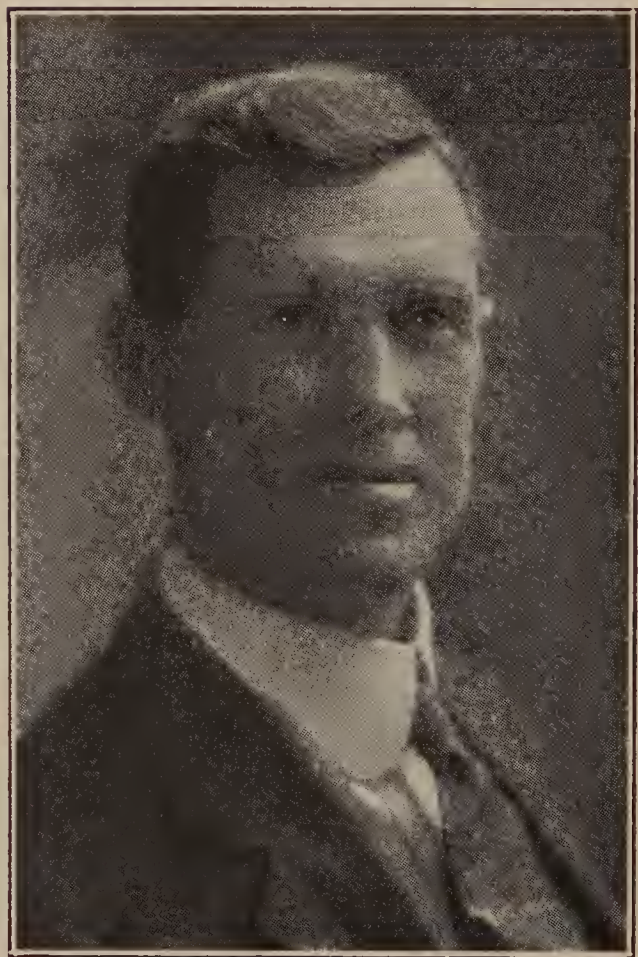
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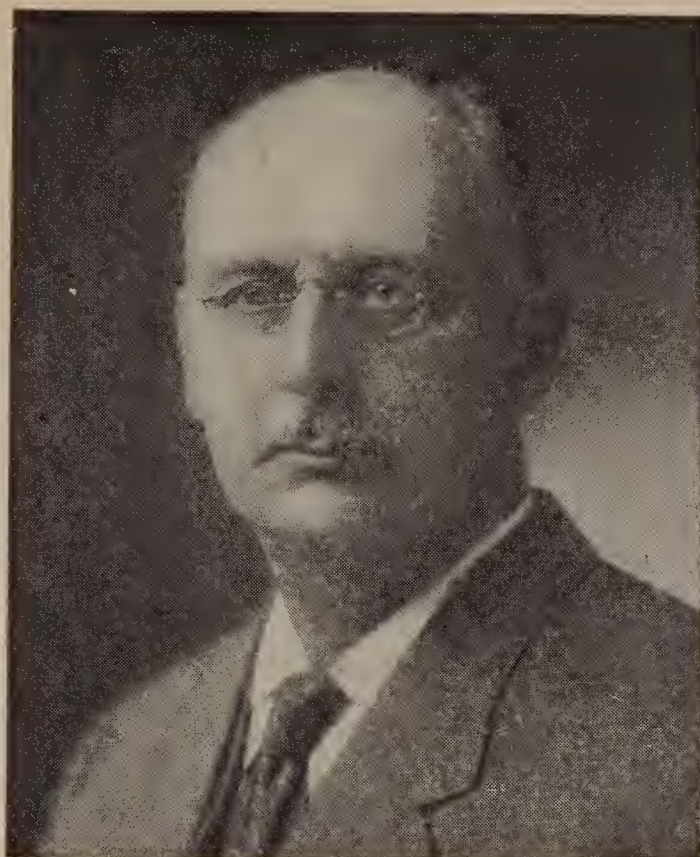
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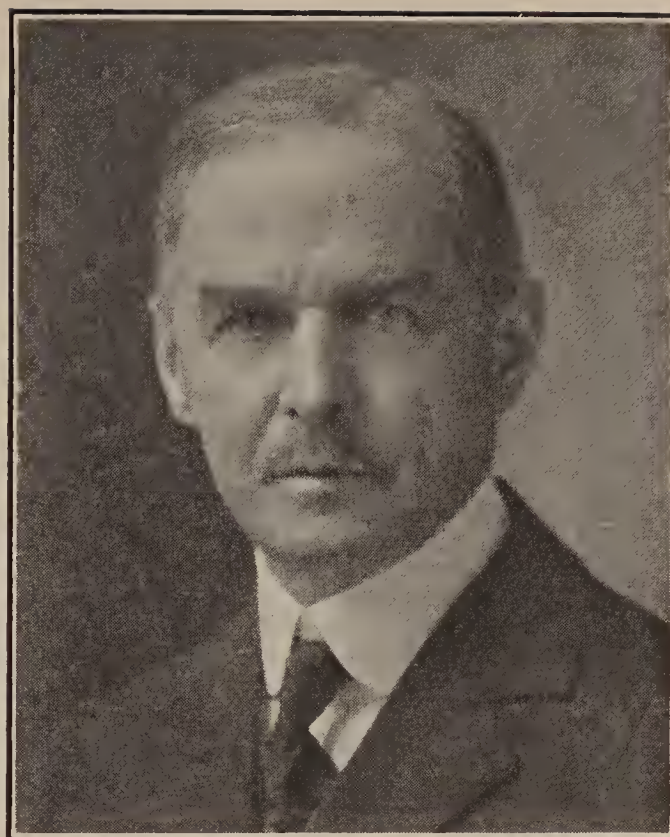
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Chaplain, 1926 -



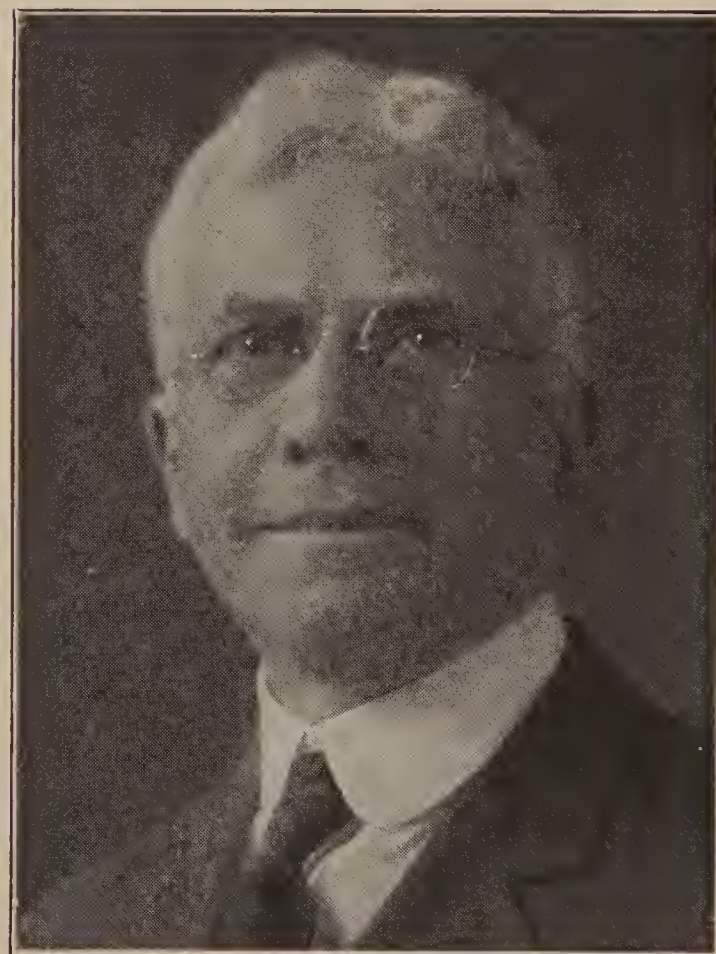
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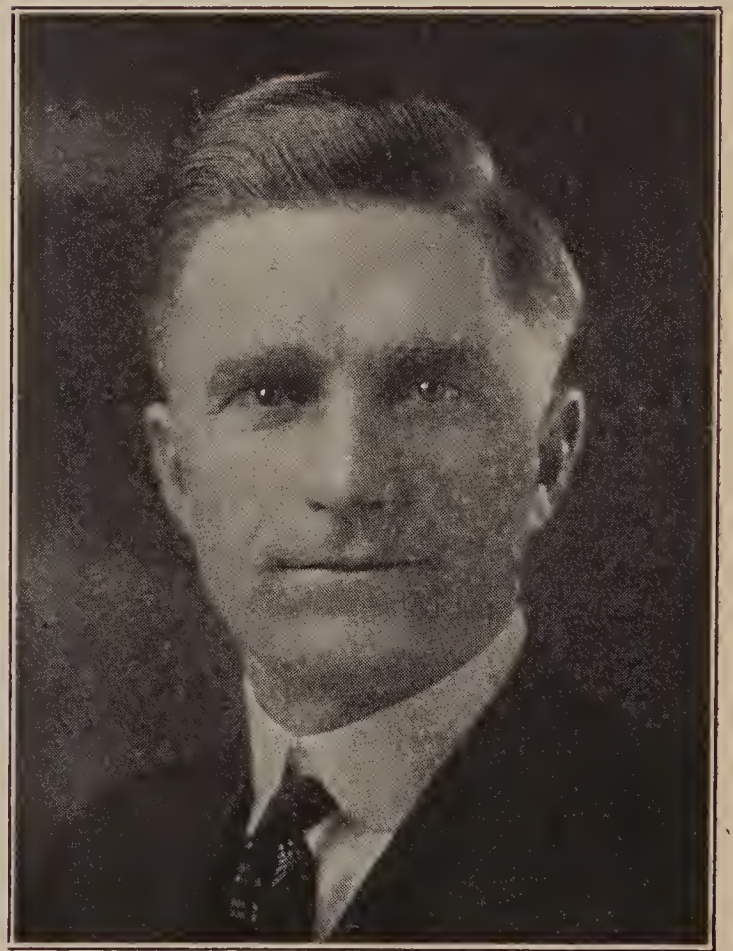
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REV. JAMES McD. BLUE
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MRS. ELEANOR MAY ROULSTON
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Chaplain, Boston, 1928-

One Hundredth Anniversary.

THE one hundredth anniversary of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society, Inc., was observed December 4, 5, 6, by appropriate exercises. On Sunday evening, December 4, Dr. A. Z. Conrad preached the anniversary sermon at the Park Street Church, Boston.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

ORGAN

- a. Canzona in F Minor *Guilmant*
b. Grand Chorus *Maitland*

CHOIR PROCESSIONAL

PASTORAL CALL TO WORSHIP

HYMN — "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me."

APOSTLES' CREED

CHORUS ANTHEM — "Gloria in Excelsis" (from Twelfth Mass) *Mozart*

SCRIPTURE LESSON — Psalm 107: 23-43.

Read by REV. MERRITT A. FARREN.

HYMN — "How Firm a Foundation."

PRAYER — REV. RAYMOND CALKINS, D.D.

OFFERTORY PRAYER

OFFERTORY ANTHEM — "Whoso Dwelleth Under the Defence." *Martin*

SERMON PRELUDE. DR. CONRAD

BASS SOLO — "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

MR. COWLES

SERMON — "A Hundred Years with the 'Men Who Go Down to the Sea in Ships.'"

DR. CONRAD

RECESSIONAL HYMN — "All Praise to Thee, My God, This Night."

BENEDICTION

POSTLUDE — Improvisation

PRAYER BY REV. RAYMOND CALKINS, D.D.,

Pastor, First Church in Cambridge, Congregational.

ALMIGHTY GOD, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, bless, we pray Thee, this congregation here assembled. We bless Thee for the redemption of the world through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who went about doing good; who called first to be his disciples those who did business on the great waters and those who went down to the sea in ships, and said, "Henceforth I will make you fishers of men."

Continue, O Lord, Thy gracious loving-kindness to those who still go down to the sea in ships and who serve their fellowmen in great privation, loneliness and danger, and show Thy constant love and good favor unto them. Be, O Lord, we beseech Thee, with the seamen in all hours of their loneliness, separated from home and friends, and comfort them always by Thy blessed presence. Be with them, O Lord, and succor them in every hour of temptation, when evil men seek to lay traps for them and when they are assailed by the temptations of this world. So succor them by Thy presence and by Thy spirit that they may be delivered from these moral

dangers and may be enabled to live a godly and a sober life. Be with them in every hour of their peril and every danger. And O, Thou who in the ancient days rebuked the waves and the winds so that they were still and there was a great calm, in time of storm hear every prayer that is uttered unto Thee for deliverance from danger and death of those who are exposed to the violence of the winds.



REV. RAYMOND CALKINS, D.D.

We remember in our prayers those who remain at home and who follow with their prayers and anxieties those near and dear to them who are forever on the trackless deep. When the winds blow, the storms come and they are filled with anxiety for those whom they love, hear their prayers and assuage their fears.

We remember the widows and the orphans, those who have been bereaved by the death on the great seas of those whom they love. Comfort them and minister to them in the hours of their grief and their loneliness. Fill us all with a great sympathy and with a mighty compassion for these our brothers who have embraced a labor so hazardous and yet so needful for the children of men, that those things necessary for the comfort, the sustenance and the welfare of Thy people shall be conveyed across the seas and laid upon our tables and in our homes. May we ever remember that these are our brothers and be never forgetful of the sacrifices which they make in Thy service and in ours.

Now we ask Thy blessing upon this organization which for lo these hundred years has sought to minister to the bodily and spiritual needs of these Thy servants, thanking Thee for all who have labored in this cause and for all who have aided them from year to year and from generation to generation; beseeching Thee to raise up yet more friends day by day that these havens of rest, of hospitality, of friendliness and of cheer shall always be flung wide open, so that if the forces of evil be ready the forces of friendliness and of righteousness shall be ready also, where hand may be reached out to clasp hand, where heart-beat may be felt of friendliness and of cheer, where there shall always be that welcome which shall save from gross temptation and that spiritual help which shall save from moral danger.

Bless Thou, O Lord, Thy servants that are on the deep; bless them even more when they are on the land. Save them from every danger to which they may be exposed on the seas; save them from the greater dangers that wait them on the land. And bless Thou, we pray Thee, and further by Thy help and Thy Holy Spirit this godly enterprise which seeks to be a friend to the seamen, a help to every hour of their need.

Hear these our prayers for the forgiveness of our sins. Lord, if there be some present who have some special prayer they wish to offer for themselves, help them to offer it in faith, believing that this is the house of God and this is the gate of heaven. If any be discouraged, grant that they may look to Thee for help and find it; if any be in uncertainty, that they may look to Thee for counsel that their feet may be guided aright; if any have tasted the freshness of grief, that they may know Thy divine and Thy holy consolation; if any are bearing on their hearts the troubles of friends, members of their families or neighbors for whom they desire to pray, help them to pray; that none may leave this house of prayer except Thou hast blest them; that we shall all go our way better fitted because of our prayer and our meditation to serve our fellow-

men so long as Thy goodness spares our lives on earth, and to serve Thee in Thy blessed home forever and forever.

Whatever we have asked amiss do Thou forgive; whatever we have failed to ask do Thou supply — for the love of Thy only Son our Saviour, to Whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost be all honor and glory now and forever, world without end. AMEN.

DR. CONRAD. I am going to ask Mr. Farren to make an announcement regarding the Anniversary meetings.

SECRETARY FARREN. The anniversary exercises which begin in this church tonight will continue with a dinner at the Sailor's Rest, 287 Hanover Street, tomorrow night, and on Tuesday evening at eight o'clock in the Old South Church we shall have the concluding exercises of this One Hundredth Anniversary celebration. At that time Dr. Ashley Day Leavitt of the Harvard Church, Brookline, and Dean Charles R. Brown of Yale Divinity School will be the speakers. All friends of seamen and all friends of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society are most cordially invited to attend that Tuesday evening meeting in the Old South Church in Copley Square.

DR. CONRAD. It is a great joy to extend a cordial welcome to the workers in the Boston Seaman's Friend Society tonight. I count it a pleasure also that Dr. Raymond Calkins is with us, whom I have esteemed as a very close friend for many years; and that Rev. Merritt A. Farren, who has been active for thirteen years in connection with the work for seamen, should be with us also. I only regret that the weather was not more favorable so that our usual great crowd of people could have heard this announcement and could have heard also the prayer which has been so inspiring and uplifting which was offered by Dr. Calkins. We rejoice more than we can express in employing the services of this church for advancing the kingdom of God in all these various practical ways, for we realize that the manifestation of God's love is to be in just such manner as is indicated in the Boston Seaman's Friend Society.

Sermon Prelude.

DR. CONRAD. The especial feature tonight is the fact that it is the hundredth anniversary of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society. We have reached the point of the evening prelude, which will be brief tonight to afford adequate opportunity for the discourse.

What valuable service is the Boston Seaman's Friend Society rendering sailors?

In order to answer that, it would be necessary for you tonight to be in connection with thousands of men in all parts of the world. If you want that question answered properly you would hear the voices from every port in the world where sailors of the sea congregate and tell the story of the sympathy, love, devotion which they have experienced in the Bethels, the havens of rest and protection and of relief which are represented in the Boston Seaman's Friend Society.

The fourth page of our service paper — I trust you will take it home with you and read it — is devoted entirely to a declaration of the work which is being done by the Boston Seaman's Friend Society. Forty thousand men a year touch upon these havens and come therefore in contact with men and women who are seeking to protect them from the dangers which are ever lurking about them on land. After the life on the sea it is perfectly natural for a sailor to want certain liberty on the land, and he is in great danger of land sharks who would take all he has and send him out to sea penniless. There are those dependent on the sailor who are again and again deprived of their rightful returns because of the cruelty, the abominations which the sailor experiences in port. There are always people looking for an opportunity to rob the sailor of his character and of his comfort and of his wealth. These havens of rest for one hundred years have been telling their story of Christian love and protection.

I suppose there is no way whatever to tabulate or measure the good that is done by a Christ-like spirit definitely directed to human needs. Such names as Elijah Kellogg and Alpheus Hardy, Alexander McKenzie, Captain Nickerson and Father Hanks — these are very precious

names to those who have found comfort and sympathy and counsel which they were enabled to give. No name is so familiar to those of us who have been watching in recent years the work as that of Madison Edwards who was thirty-eight years chaplain of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society at Vineyard Haven, and who did more for the sailors than can ever be recorded on earth; the record of it is only in heaven.

I am glad to see here tonight my friend, Mr. Shumway, who for so many years has been intensely interested in the Boston Seaman's Friend Society. I cannot close this answer without saying that the Boston Seaman's Friend Society is tremendously indebted to the woman's auxiliary which has provided so many comforts for the sailors and in simple ways, but in Christ-like ways, has done so much for the benefit and blessing of those who would otherwise have been neglected. Now this is Christianity at its best. It is an effort to develop character at its highest. And oh, the numberless homes in the world that breathe a prayer for the Boston Seaman's Friend Society because of the protection and counsel given to their sons when away from home! There is no way of telling it — the good that has been done and is being done.

Now for the benefit of the listeners-in — and I am sure tonight they run into the hundreds of thousands — I want to say that it costs thirty-six thousand dollars a year to carry on this work, and it is all raised by free gifts. You are invited to send your gifts to the Boston Seaman's Friend Society, No. 618 Congregational House, Boston; or if you just send it to the Congregational House, Boston, marked "Boston Seaman's Friend Society," it will be received and properly appropriated. I do not know where any contribution can count for more for the kingdom of Christ than those made to this great cause. So remember in making your gift for this cause you are rendering a marvelous service for humanity, as we shall later see in the discourse of tonight.

Some sailors requested that Mr. Cowles sing for us tonight "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." Mr. Cowles is not only the bass of our own Park Street Church quartet but is also now connected with the Lotus Quartet, that famous male quartet so widely known and now on a higher level than ever since Mr. Cowles has united with it.

Now if you will listen, Mr. Cowles will sing that old, old song, full of devotion, full of trust, full of dependence, full of outlook toward God, — "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

SERMON BY REV. A. Z. CONRAD, D.D.,

Pastor, Park Street Church, Boston.

A HUNDRED YEARS WITH THE "MEN WHO GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS."

THE TEXT will be found in Psalm 107, the twenty-ninth and thirtieth verses:

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.

Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

This text must make its appeal to men familiar with the vicissitudes and the dangers of the sea. The sailor's objective is the harbor and not the voyage. There is always an end in view. Every ship that puts out from port has its thought immediately upon the port of arrival and all the voyage across the sea contemplates just one thing, — the haven, the harbor, the port of disembarking.

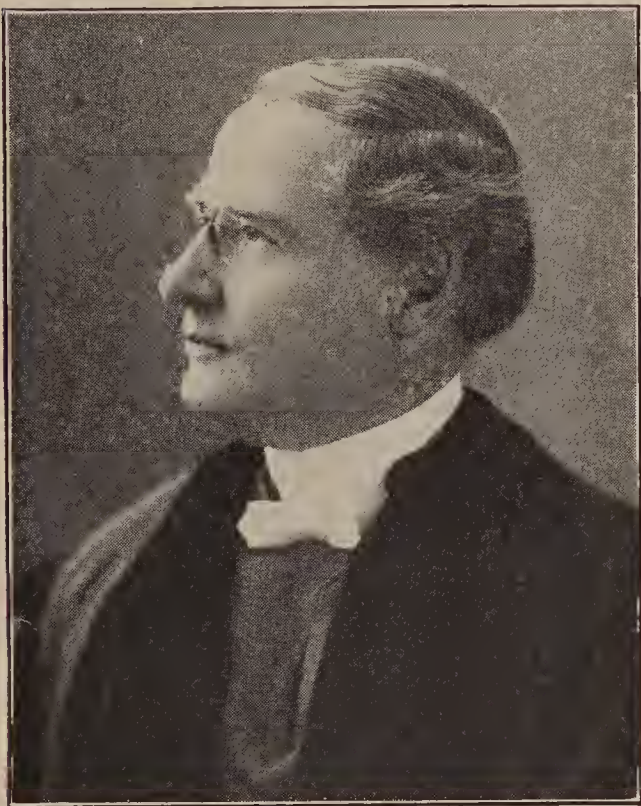
This leads me to suggest that the whole Universe of God is one continuous testimony of an end in view. Not one thing purposeless; purposefulness manifested in everything we see in God's whole world. It is stamped on everything, all energy working to an end. From ameba to man every created thing has an object in view.

Physiologically, it is manifest to the student. Man is fearfully and wonderfully made. His hand and his brain alike are in testimony to the intent of the Creator. In every bird that cuts through the air there is an evidence of purposefulness in structure. In every petal of every flower the same story is told — an objective, a purpose, a plan, a design, an intent. You can

never get away from it. The world is one chaotic nothing until you read into it or discover in it the intention of God from beginning to end, reaching up and on and on until we come to man, who in imitation engages in all his tasks with an intent, with a controlling purpose.

This is suggested to us by the sailing o'er the sea. Discoverers have an intention in their discovery. If they are right-minded it is for the purpose of giving larger opportunity to humanity, of becoming more masterful, more competent, more capable. There is a longing in the heart of man to master everything in sight. It is marvelous how man has been doing it by his genius, his inventions.

The same thing is true of science and art. It is all with a purpose. The tremendous amount of energy which is expended today in scientific directions has, as a whole, the intention of bettering the condition of humanity. We read and talk of "art for art's sake"; but there is nothing which is done by man for its own sake if he has the correct ideal of life. Art is for the sake of perfecting human ideals, of exalting man's thought, of making him more competent, of recognizing the beautiful in God's world, satisfying the esthetic nature.



REV. A. Z. CONRAD, D.D.

And so you might go on through every department of human activity. It is particularly true of religion. Religion is not for its own sake. It has a great objective, a harbor to enter. And all the effort and energy which is put forth in the world should be with a sacred and holy purpose of betterment of mankind.

What would a sea be without a harbor? It would be a most pitiful and awful thing to contemplate; a great waste of waters — a sea without a harbor. Can you conceive of anything more repellent than that? The wash and rolling of the waves, the sweeping of the tempests — no harbor, no haven, therefore no ship, because a ship can only live a little while without a harbor.

When I turn to the account of creation and read of the voidness — "The earth was without form, and void; and darkness was on the face of the waters" — before the sea was divided from the land — it seems to me awful to think of the condition when the rolling waves were sweeping over all the earth. A sea without a harbor.

It is a great symbol. I turn my thought now, though, for the moment to the seaman and his contribution to the world.

My friends, who could not spend hours without exhausting that single field — the seaman's contribution to world betterment? There is no department of human activity that is not touched by the work of the men who go down to the sea in ships. They make their contribution to the farmer by making it possible that the products of his toil may find a market. The sailor's commercial value to the world is prodigious beyond estimate. The interchange of commodities, the comforts which are coming to us by virtue of the sailor's ability to transport them from port to port, from country to country; the social benefits which accrue from the sailor's work, none can measure. There would be no possibility of realizing the brotherhood of man if mankind could not be brought into relations mutually understandable. It is the sailor who eliminates the sea and enables man to clasp hands with his brother man at distant points of the world.

All through the generations that has been true. The development of the world, the pushing back of the horizon, the enlargement of human life and human thought have been due to the fact that the sailor has been able to bring man into contact with his fellow man and practically to annihilate the sea except to make it serviceable. It proves to us, because it has harbors, the most blessed means of communication, just sufficient separation to enable individual sections

of the world to make their own contribution and development. They bring the world into one neighborhood. We are praying for world unity and we are praying for world peace, and there is no possibility of world peace or world unity without understandable relations between man and man. The great secret of securing peace is to be found in the world's good-will. And how can we know the good-will of other nations without being brought into contact with them? And it is the sailor who helps us to do this. So he is a tremendous power in the social relation to the world. We owe him more than we can estimate. And it is the sailor who makes the distribution of the products of the field such that no section of the world need be famine-stricken. It is the sailor who carries from port to port that which satisfies human need physical, human need social. But for the sailor the intellectual acquisitions could not be distributed among the nations. We are indebted to the sailor continuously for making available every good thing produced by any nation in the world, to us and to every other nation. Peschel could never have written his "Races of Man" had it not been for the sailor. The science of paleontology, a hundred other sciences that could be mentioned, owe to the sailor everything, because the sailor carries the scientists from port to port, from country to country, and enables the investigations which have brought scientific facts within the reach of all. So, scientifically and socially and commercially we are indebted to the sailor, more than we can express.

Attention has been called repeatedly to the fact that the only way the recent war was won for democracy and for liberty and for righteousness was with the aid of the sailor. The transporting of men was due to the fact that the men who go down to the sea in ships could be trusted. And who can ever write properly the story of the sailor's part in the war?

I was tremendously impressed when standing upon the battlefield at Château Thierry and at Belleau Wood, when I thought how nearly the enemy was to Paris and that practically meant the winning of the war by the enemy. Here they were, just a few miles away, within gunshot of Paris, and the marines were the ones who in that awful holocaust, that terrific hell-fire at Belleau Wood and Château Thierry, stopped it, and from that moment the enemy turned their faces away from their objective and were looking back toward the Rhine. It was the sailor in his immediate onset and activity, the marines and the sailors who had taken them over, who accomplished the turning of the tide. And at the critical and crucial moment we hark back to the contribution of the sailors, for the victory which was won and for the liberties we enjoy tonight.

Now it would be quite possible to continue the entire evening narrating events and incidents in the history of our own country which attest to the truth that we are dependent on the sailors to a degree we hardly dream of. We talk about our isolated independence, but there is no nation independent today. There is no greater folly than for a nation to believe it can isolate itself from the world and challenge the world, as it were, because it has the ability to produce for itself all that is necessary and does not need the other nations of the world. My friends, every nation needs every other nation; and the only way the power and the ability and the influence of nations can be brought to an internationalism which is true and right and honorable and peaceful is through the efforts of the sailor. Therefore we owe them comforts when they are in port, the protection which they need when they are in danger on land, and we owe to them our continuous expressions of gratitude for what they have done for us in the industrial, the scientific, the social and the religious world.

Now I come to the fact, what would John G. Paton have done but for the sailor? What would any of the great missionary enterprises have amounted to if it had not been for the sailor? They are the ones who have carried the Word of God and the men who would proclaim it to the distant parts of the earth and enabled them to make known the riches of God in Christ Jesus. We can never overestimate our duty and obligation to them.

Now I want to call your thought by way of symbolism to this fact: Sailing the seas has always been regarded as representative of the voyage of life. And what would the voyage of life be if it were a great sea without a harbor — if it were not for the one objective, the disem-

barking, the expectation of delight at the end of our voyage? We see that our storms, our tempests and our trials are difficult, but we are all on the great voyage and in that sense we are all sailors of life's sea.

There are ships that never leave port. They have been builded, but for one reason and another they are never, never called to the sea. They never go. Precisely that is true of human life. There are thousands and tens of thousands who never start. They drift along, to be sure, almost carried along as time carries people along; but in the conception of sailing the sea with a purpose they never start. Ships that never start! There was an American yacht in English waters that for years maintained a complete crew and never put out from the harbor. Last summer when I was in England I was reading of the death of the owner of that wonderful yacht — perfectly appointed, wonderfully equipped, always ready to sail, always having on board a sufficiency for a voyage, but she never sailed. It seemed to illustrate to me the lives of people who never put out to the deep; who are waiting, always waiting, never committing themselves to God, never taking a stand for righteousness; always waiting, never putting out to sea; idling away the time as the tide comes and the tide goes, and nothing done because they never sail. They may be ready, but they never sail. Perhaps it is fear — they are afraid of storm. Perhaps it is because they have nothing in mind which is worth sailing for. They have no harbor in view that attracts them. And so they never sail.

Then again, there are other ships that sail aimlessly. They sail and they sail and they sail, but they sail aimlessly. The life that is aimless and the life that has no objective — no intentional objective — is just wasting God-given energies. And there is nothing so sacred as the energy of human life and the spiritual forces that God has entrusted us with, and we should have a harbor in view and we should have an intention upon our voyage to make contribution and give blessing to those round about us. No aim, no purpose. Just sailing and still sailing; busy, tremendously busy, wonderfully active in this and that thing, but with no great final intent.

In this week past there was one who died who had been sailing the seas for many years, but he was sailing where circumstances seemed to carry him and with a confident thought that when he was done sailing he would simply sink, which he did — without a hope, without a single expectation of anything better; dead, gone, as he thought. Oh, the pitiful thing of sailing the sea with no harbor in view, never a harbor light to see, never a blessed expectation of result! Nothing that pays, nothing that makes life worth while. I cannot think of anything sadder than a life which sails and sails and sails with no harbor in view; nowhere to go, no aim, no intent, no great cause to uphold, no splendid service to render to humanity; no God to look to and no end worth working for. Ships that sail aimlessly.

Then there are ships which sail with an intention but which never arrive. And why? They sail without a compass and are sure to be dashed upon the rocks of circumstance and the conditions of life are found to be hard. A fog comes over them; they do not know where they are going, although they had a harbor in view. They are not sure they are going to make port and they do not make port.

And there are others who go with a compass, but its needle has been deflected. It is not a difficult thing to make a compass useless. Off the coast of Newfoundland a few years ago a ship foundered, and it was determined through the examination by divers what the difficulty had been. They found the compass, and according to it the ship was sailing safely but really she should have been in an entirely different course. What was the difficulty? The needle had been deflected. When that compass was opened a tiny point of steel was found to have gotten into the compass box and deflected the needle, and everything was awry. It is not difficult to spoil the compass by sin.

When you have taken your Pilot on board and know he is thoroughly competent because his heart is beating rhythmically with the heart of the Eternal Father, God Himself is steering your boat; you have no danger; you will never suffer wreck. But I am afraid today that a great many people have been tampering with their compass and are disposed to believe that somehow

they can improve upon it. They are not holding to the Pole Star. They have not understood that the one great central fact in Christianity is Christ; and so they suffer wreck.

"He bringeth them to their desired haven; he saveth them out of their distresses" — a suggestion of our dependence upon God. And he who steers by His compass under the piloting of Jesus is sure at last to enjoy the experience of entering the safe harbor. Ships that never arrive! God pity the soul which after the laborious toil, the burden-bearing, has no place of disembarking but simply sinks. It is the saddest of spectacles and entirely unnecessary.

No one sailing the sea of life need fail to look forward to the safe harbor and the glorious meeting. Nothing more impresses me after a voyage at sea than coming into a harbor and seeing the waving signals and the uplifting of the flags, the fluttering of handkerchiefs and the effort made to welcome those who are about to disembark. It has always been a picture of disembarking in the great Harbor Beyond. First, leaving the wharf, crossing the harbor bar, then across the sea; then the welcome, the hallelujahs when we enter the harbor which has been our great objective.

Now men may say what they will; I am telling you that the hope of heaven has a tremendous pull upon me. The expectation of a safe disembarking in God's harbor has a tremendous hold on me. The expectation of seeing the faces of loved ones gone, of happy greetings and the glory when we see His face — it has a tremendous hold on me. And when the storm whistles about me and the waves are high and the difficulties are great, I keep my eye on the harbor and on the thought of disembarking in the Port of Peace.

"So he bringeth them to their desired haven."

I am speaking to a great many troubled souls tonight all through New England, people who have found the voyage rougher than they expected. They have found it hard as they have gone upon their way. The trials, the privations, the burdens are like those which the sailors carry on the sea, and the wild and fierce storms have again and again almost overwhelmed you. Listen: "So he bringeth them to their desired haven." Trust, pursue, continue. Be faithful; perform your duty as the seamen of God, fulfilling your obligations and responsibilities; and God will take you after the storm and after the trial, into the quiet of his own great Harbor at the end.

My friends, it is the expectation of that port of peace that keeps the sailor encouraged. And I am confident of this, — that many a sailor has found courage and cheer when he has thought that after the laborious toil of the voyage, after the storms and tempests, he would be able to go to Hanover Street and find himself in a port where Jesus abides, where arms of love would be about him and whispers of peace would be in his soul. And he can say in very truth, "He bringeth them to their desired haven."

God bless the institution whose hundredth anniversary is being celebrated in Boston at this time! And may He make every seaman who leaves port conscious of the one secret of a successful voyage, and may He make us more and more responsive to influences of Divine Love; giving us power to endure, ability to continue until we shall rejoice in the fact that we have weathered every storm, have stood firm in every need when the wild tempest was like to blow us from our ship, holding on to salvation in Jesus Christ — "saved by Grace," to be forever and forever with the Lord. Struggle on! Be brave! Leave guidance to Him. Let Him take your ship to port and you will disembark where His face illumines the harbor and your friends bid you welcome, and that will be Heaven for you and for me. AMEN.

Anniversary Dinner.

AN excellent shore dinner was served on Monday night, December fifth, at the Sailor's Rest, 287 Hanover Street, to a goodly company of friends of the Society; representing the Commonwealth and city, the churches, shipping companies, seamen's societies and other interests.

The Rev. J. Romeyn Danforth, President of the Society, was a most delightful toastmaster. The addresses follow:

PRESIDENT DANFORTH. Mates and Shipmates! We are met together in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. We have here the acting Governor of that Commonwealth. The Governor, I regret to say, is half-seas over (*laughter*), but I do not mean to impugn at all the morals of our noble Governor. I simply mean that he is halfway across the Atlantic on his way home from Europe. What did you think I meant? (*Laughter.*) It also happens that the Lieutenant-Governor has married a wife and therefore he cannot come — a very scriptural excuse. But we are very glad that the Secretary has not gone with them. We have with us the Hon. Frederic W. Cook, Secretary of the Commonwealth and also the Governor of Massachusetts until these other two gentlemen come back. And I hope they won't come back until this meeting is over. Governor Cook. (*Applause.*)

ADDRESS OF HON. FREDERIC W. COOK.

IT is very nice, I am sure, to be here, but I rather wish that one or the other of them could come back, because I find it is a little bit difficult to run my office and do some of the work for them. It is a privilege, a great privilege, however, to come here tonight and just say a word in behalf of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Yours is a very, very old organization. It was incorporated, as you know — the managers were incorporated — about a hundred years ago, and I do not know how far back of that the organization existed in some form or other. I noticed in the charter that reference was made to a charter of the managers and the officers of this old Society having the right to participate. It certainly has done a wonderful work.

I found this little clipping in the *Globe* this morning at the head of the editorial column. That is one of the nice things about the *Globe*; you always can pick up a little story at the head of that column, if you will notice, and this one was about a Springfield clergyman. It said that a Springfield clergyman announced that his topic for the Thursday evening prayer meeting would be "Fishers of Men," based on the Bible quotation. When the pastor went there to his prayer meeting he looked around and he saw none but women. There were present maiden ladies of fifty years of age and over. With a choked cough he looked up and said, "It is quite appropriate that we should have as our subject tonight, 'Fishers of Men.'" One of the more elderly in the congregation, who had a nice sense of humor, responded, "Yes, pastor, we have toiled long and have taken nothing." (*Laughter.*)

That is not true of this organization. It has toiled long, but it certainly has achieved results with that toil. It is hard to attribute the success of any organization to any particular principle, to any particular group; but the fact that so many men have served in this work — clergymen, business men — year after year is evidence of a continued interest. I could not help thinking when I saw in the *Transcript*, Saturday night, that my friend Shumway has been a director for thirty-nine years, and that you have had presidents and directors in office from fifteen to forty-four years at a time, does show a desire to do good — to do good unselfishly. The efforts of these men have contributed no little, I believe, to the success of this organization.

I was not asked to come here and talk to you tonight, and I am not going to talk, but I am just going to do what Secretary Farren asked me to do,—bring you the greetings of the Commonwealth. It is, I assure you, a very great pleasure to do that. (*Applause.*)

PRESIDENT DANFORTH. I think that "Fishers of Men" is a very scriptural quotation, but let me give you another. Remember the prophet that was on Carmel, and he had his servant, and he sent his servant to look out at the sky and see what was coming. And that servant, like so many of the fishers of men that the Governor has just told about, was looking for something about the size of a man's hand, and he found it, and it stormed all over when it came. So you had better look out, ladies! If you see that thing about the size of a man's hand, there may be a flood like the floods of Vermont.

We must remember that we are not only in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, but we are in the capital of that Commonwealth; we are in the city of Boston. And the greetings of the city of Boston will be brought to us now by the Hon. Frank A. Seiberlich, Chairman of the Board of Election Commissioners of Boston and personal representative of His Honor the Mayor. (*Applause.*)

ADDRESS OF HON. FRANK A. SEIBERLICH,

Chairman of the Board of Election Commissioners of Boston, representing His Honor the Mayor, Malcolm E. Nichols.

MR. PRESIDENT, ladies and gentlemen, distinguished clergy and other guests:

His Honor the Mayor regrets his inability to be present here this evening, as he would like to be very much, but on account of illness in his family he designated a substitute to come here and to extend for him the greetings of our city of Boston.

Historically speaking, we are the greatest city in the United States of America. We have been made great by the founders of our Republic and those who followed them. On every occasion when our Government required leaders for any moral movement our city has supplied them. In education we have within our municipality the greatest educational institutions in America. Within three miles of our Public Library we have Harvard and Boston universities, Boston College and Radcliffe College. Wellesley is a little farther away. It is in such schools of learning that young men and women seek their education which in after life gives them the opportunity to be leaders for service.

As for your organization, to see the good work it has done for a hundred years we should look not merely over this threshold, but we should go over the sea into the ports of all the maritime nations of the world and talk with the seamen who have been helped by its representatives. The manner in which you are observing your anniversary here this evening must make it clear to all that the leaders of this organization in the years that have passed have been worthy men and have rendered a noble service to the men of the sea.

Look at the fine type of young men that are sitting right here [bluejackets and marines of the Navy and cadets of the *Nantucket*]! Aren't you proud of them? And the distinguished gentlemen that are sitting on the platform—excepting myself. Aren't you proud of them? The fundamental principles of our Government have been to render service, and the men and women connected with this organization for a hundred years have rendered that service. And let us pray and hope when we go home this evening that the good work of those to follow may go on for many years more, with credit to our city, as well as our State, and to the seafaring men from all over the world.

His Honor the Mayor, if he were present, would most heartily greet you and extend to you all the good wishes of the city of Boston for many years of continued splendid service for seafaring men. (*Applause.*)

PRESIDENT DANFORTH. It happened to be my lot some time ago to attend a banquet of a Masters, Mates and Pilots Association, and I learned there that masters, mates and pilots were

three distinct offices. It is not so at home. I am not referring to the lady on my left, who happens to be my wife; I would not dare to. But I am looking over toward my right to see the wife of the chairman of our committee. And whether she is master, mate or pilot at home I do not know, but I have my suspicion. But I know that right here in this building wherever the work of the Woman's Seaman's Friend Society goes, in hospitals where the boys lie sick, in places where they need something of the touch of kindness and the real touch of home, where otherwise the world would be a very, very homeless place for them, that Mrs. Shumway and the ladies who are associated with her are doing something more than human service — are giving the angel touch. And we need a word of greeting from Mrs. Shumway. (*Applause.*)

ADDRESS OF MRS. FRANKLIN P. SHUMWAY,

President of the Woman's Seaman's Friend Society.

GENTLEMEN of the Board, and honored guests: It is my happy privilege as President of the Woman's Seaman's Friend Society to extend our heartiest congratulations to the Boston Seaman's Friend Society on the splendid work they have carried on for the past one hundred years. We also expect far greater accomplishments as the years follow on, largely because you represent all of the Congregational churches of New England and you have on your board to assist you pastors and prominent business men.

May I add that we of the Woman's Seaman's Friend Society, in trying to carry on the work which we are doing are more than glad to assist you in every possible way, and we feel, with the new chaplain who is coming, that the work which you will accomplish in the years to come will be greater than that which you have already done. (*Applause.*)

Mr. President, several years ago the members of our Woman's Seaman's Friend Society said, "I wish they had a flag on the platform at the Bethel." We just felt that the men coming here from foreign countries should see on this Bethel platform the stars and stripes of our beautiful flag and understand just what the colors represent,— red, to represent courage; white, integrity of purpose; and blue, steadfastness, love and faith.

And may I quote from Henry Ward Beecher:

"Our flag carries American ideas, American history and American feelings. It is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the Constitution, it is the Government, it is the very people that stand in the Government on the Constitution. Forget not what it means, and for the sake of its ideas be true to your Country's flag."

At our executive committee meeting in November it was voted to present the Boston Seaman's Friend Society a flag. I deem it a very great honor to present to the Boston Seaman's Friend Society from the Woman's Seaman's Friend Society this flag, and we hope it will always remain on this platform. I am sure for both of our Societies it will be an incentive to do better and greater work for the men of the sea as we work together in this one big thing, the Seaman's Friend Society. (*Prolonged applause as the flag was presented.*)

PRESIDENT DANFORTH. I am sure, Mrs. Shumway and the women of the Woman's Seaman's Friend Society, that we shall treasure this flag and that as the flag of the United States goes out many leagues across the sea, carried by the ships of our Navy and our coast guard and our merchant marine, that so may it also travel onward through the years in the work of this Society and bind us all together in one great Nation, one great cause and one great purpose for our lives and for our service. May it inspire us all, as your words have given us inspiration this evening; and now, as one lady has spoken, may we ask another to sing.

Mrs. Lewis S. Young then sang, "The Unfurling of the Flag."

PRESIDENT DANFORTH. There is a woman who makes this place a homelike place for those who come to it. Mrs. Eleanor M. Roulston, you know, takes the statistics of these men. She knows not only what the men like in various ways, but she takes their favorite flower; she knows

the favorite flower of everyone, and she has taken the favorite flower of I do not know how many thousands of sailors. She has made a memorial anchor from those flowers, and I wish she would say something about it at just this time. Mrs. Roulston.

ADDRESS BY MRS. ELEANOR M. ROULSTON.

FOURTEEN years ago, ladies and gentlemen, the Seaman's Friend Society's chaplain approved of a little band, the *Anchor Alliance*, mother and the boys. The Rev. James McD. Blue is here tonight; he was the chaplain at that time, and he approved of that little thing which began, just as a group of the boys, to do some temperance work and try to give up the habit of drink. It developed into what we call a ship's company. The Boston Seaman's Friend Society is the ship — friendship ship — and the boys were crew, and of course the Society was like the commanding officers' part of the ship, and the Unseen Commander was the Lord Jesus Christ who nearly two thousand years ago started the first Seaman's Friend Society on the shores of Lake Galilee with a few fishermen, who certainly made good and put the world in their debt. So the Twentieth Century sailors are carrying on that good work, and are true to the *Anchor Alliance* and they are true, also, to this good ship, Seaman's Friend. As the boys joined the *Alliance* they would see some flowers around the place and say, "What a pretty rose! Oh, we have roses growing in the garden now. Mother is gone now and the place is different since she passed away. I never could go home and have the same feelings I used to. But those roses are just the same."

And then another sailor would say, "Those are like the white lilacs over in Russia" or "in Norway," and another would speak about the lilies in France. Another still would tell of the mayflowers in Nova Scotia. And it went on like this by men from all over the world — the hibiscus in Hawaii, and in Porto Rico the wonderful clavell.

They put into my head the idea of noting down the favorite flowers of each one, and so in the fourteen years we have jotted down the ones the men like best. We have seen a little "War of the Roses" right here at the desk, of the red and the white roses—which the chaplain had to quell — as to which was the better one.

So here on the one hundredth anniversary of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society we have them all, the lilies and the roses and all the rest, even the shamrock, which will be in memory of the boys who have won the *croix de guerre* of heaven; who will never come back to the Sailor's Rest. So this anchor here is like a promise to the boys. There was little John Hockley, who went down on the *Landover Castle*; that was a hospital ship, torpedoed and sent down in the war. Another was Johnny Clayton, a fifteen-year-old British sailor boy, who was torpedoed four times and made the great sacrifice. And these flowers are in memory of those boys of the *Anchor Alliance*. (*Applause.*)

PRESIDENT DANFORTH. Inasmuch as these flowers are in memory of those who have sailed westward, not through the Golden Gate but through the pearly gates, let us all rise for just a moment of silence.

(The audience rose and stood in silence for a moment in memory of the sailors of the *Anchor Alliance* who have died.)

PRESIDENT DANFORTH. At this point I would call on Secretary Farren to read a poem which he has and certain messages of greeting which he has received. Secretary Farren.

**REMARKS OF REV. MERRITT A. FARREN,
Secretary, Boston Seaman's Friend Society.**

MR. PRESIDENT and honored guests: One of the long-time friends of this Society is the Rev. Arthur B. Patten, now of Torrington, Conn., who years ago was pastor of the First Congregational Church of Everett. In years past he has written a good many sea poems which have been published in our paper, *THE SEA BREEZE*. He was good enough to write a poem for this anniversary occasion which the President has asked me to read, entitled, "Bon Voyage and Peace."

(Mr. Farren read the poem, which will be found in another column, and also greetings from President Coolidge, Mayor Nichols of Boston and others.)

May I say, friends, that among our guests tonight are some young seamen. There have come to us from the Massachusetts Nautical Training School, the *Nantucket*, twelve stalwart Massachusetts cadets. There have also come to us as guests Chaplain Stone of the United States Navy from the Navy Yard at Charlestown, with four bluejackets and four marines. The latter were comrades of those who at Château Thierry and Belleau Wood, as you will remember, did such valiant service in the most critical period of the World War. I don't know whether these lads were there or not, but their comrades were. Of a group of marines that went out from this place, one single group of which I know, — thirty men, — fourteen of them are tonight sleeping in the fields of France. I would that we might give these cadets of the *Nantucket* and these marines and bluejackets of the Navy our most cordial welcome. (*Applause, all rising.*)

PRESIDENT DANFORTH. The need for this work among the sailors is as great as in the past. A hundred thousand seamen came to Boston last year. Forty thousand visited the Society's Bethels. Twenty-three thousand attended its free concerts. Nineteen thousand attended its religious services. Twelve thousand occupied its dormitory — not simultaneously. Thousands wrote letters, got mail, sent back home their earnings, checked their baggage, played games and did many other things. There was help given to many who were sick; provision was made for those who were shipwrecked. It is a man's job for men.

Now may we have a solo by Mr. G. Roberts Lunger.

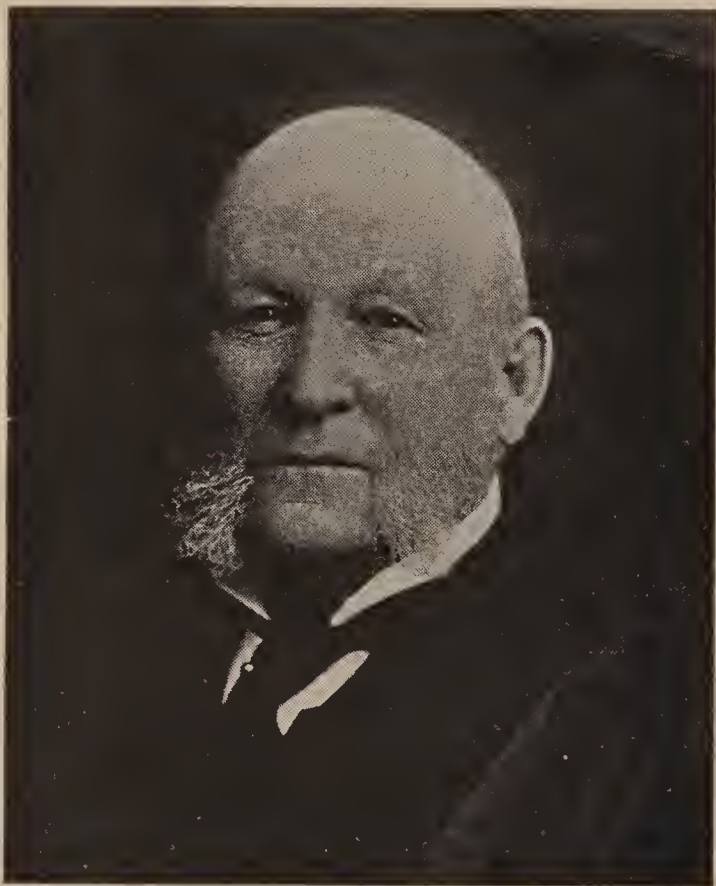
MR. LUNGER. Ladies and gentlemen, I want to say it is a great privilege for me to tell you that the composer of these songs is at the piano, Mr. John Adams Loud. I am going to sing for you his songs, "The Sea Gypsy" and "An Old-Fashioned Fisherman."

PRESIDENT DANFORTH. Many years before the flood I lived in Vermont and used to see something of the French Canadians who came over the line. There used to be an annual migration of the men who came from their little farms in the southern portion of the Province of Quebec, who came down to work in the factories in various parts of New England for the winter. The last town just across the line from us was St. Armand. The principal citizen of that place was a gentleman by the name of Peter Smith, so that for miles around St. Armand was not known so much by the name of its patron saint of long ago as by the name of its present patron, Peter Smith. It so happened that one Canadian came down to work in the city of Holyoke for the winter, and in the spring when he was about to return home he went to the ticket office at the railroad station and said to the agent, "Give me one ticket, Pete Smith." "What!" said the agent. "One ticket, Pete Smith." The agent said, "Where's that?" And the Canadian said to him, "You not know Pete Smith, you not know much."

Now, anybody in the United States or outside of the United States who does not know Nehemiah Boynton does not know much. (*Applause.*)

ADDRESS OF REV. NEHEMIAH BOYNTON, D.D.

WE are very fortunate in being here this evening, for all the formalities with relation to this interesting anniversary are being fulfilled apart from us. They were fulfilled in part last evening by the brilliant sermon of the minister of Park Street Church. They will be concluded tomorrow evening in the formal service in the Old South Church where the prophetic minister of our Harvard Church in Brookline, Dr. Leavitt, will be one of the speakers and that old friend of mine for over thirty years, a good deal of the time in Boston, Dean Brown, will be his companion.



REV. NEHEMIAH BOYNTON, D.D.

We ourselves are not bound tonight by the formalities of utterance. We are asked simply to do two things,—two things of felicity. One of them, to eat a good dinner in honor of this hundredth anniversary, which neither the audience in Park Street Church last night nor in the Old South tomorrow night will have even a smell of. And what a dinner!—with lobster at forty-five cents a pound. And the other is to felicitate each other upon the occasion which summons us, and to think as kindly as we may of that great company of men who every year, coming and going from our port of Boston, render such mighty service to our commerce, to our art, to all the relationships of our city, and when they sail away leave behind them in the main such very happy memories.

I should have declined this invitation tonight because of the fact that five years ago I said all I knew about the sailors under the auspices of this Society, but when I received a command from my senior officer, the Secretary, I thought

it might seem like mutiny on my part if I refused to comply, and so I came, I confess, with willing and with eager footsteps. I came to the democratic end of this splendid celebration. I find myself among democratic people, every one of whom feels absolutely at home around this cheerful board. Of course, those who have charge of the dignified formalities of the occasion, if they are on the good ship Seaman's Friend Society, will be up in the captain's cabin. But I invite our boys to foregather in the forecastle, and that is a better place for fun on shipboard, isn't it, boys, than in any captain's cabin that could possibly be arranged anywhere! You can sit anywhere you can find a place. The gentlemen of course will give the first opportunity to the ladies because — some of you may not know, but it is a fact — we jackies are always specially polite to the ladies, and never more so than when they are on shipboard with us. We haven't any chairs down in the forecastle, I am sorry to say, but there is a coil of rope; there is the shank of an old anchor; there is the dishpan which has been turned over over there, and there is a berth where you can stow yourselves away; all things to all men; any way to make yourselves perfectly comfortable. And now for a little chat about this Jack Tar, this man of the sea, concerning whom we see and hear so many, many things in these swiftly traveling days.

I want to get rid of one rascal at the very outset. He is the pessimistic man who can't think anything good of a sailor of any kind; is sure that he is the offscouring of creation, and is absolutely certain that he is unworthy in his own life of the fellowship of any respectable people in this world of ours. He says outright with relation to him that "He is a low-down chap and not what I consider 'what is what.'"

And the sailor turns and says to him, —

“Well, we do lack a high shellac,
 But we are not made for bric-a-brac.
 We would not please at balls and teas
 The highbrow people you folks sees.
 But don't you doubt, you poor old scout,
 We are guys you can't do without.”

After you have said your very worst about Jack Tar, the great fact remains that he is the indispensable man in this country, and that if he should refuse to go to sea you would witness a change — a sea change — into something new and strange in our American life. He is not an incident in our American life. He is a consequence of our American life. But why talk him down? It makes a fellow mad, that just because there may be some freckles of the flesh upon his shining cheek he is not a great deal better man than a lot of landlubbers who haven't got anything but cheek and who use that cheek in disparaging him. (*Applause.*)

In the days before the World War, when I was a minister here in Boston I went to make a call upon one of my supposedly most reputable parishioners, and I found him so drunk that he was rolled under the bed and could not by any possibility recover himself. He could no more have stood to receive the benediction than a mosquito could aspire to navigate an airplane. But is there anybody who is willing to attempt to defend the proposition that because I happen in the providence of God to come across the trail of one black — very black — sheep, that therefore all the people in my church and congregation were black sheep, if only somebody could catch them. Is it fair, people, to the sailors for some small-visioned man to make these nasty remarks about their character and their life, when the fact is that there is no class of people in America today who are growing in the habits and the aspirations and in the results of true manhood beyond those who go down to the sea in ships and who do business upon the great waters.

Well, anyway, whatever the sailor is, he is the indispensable man, and nobody will doubt this other fact with relation to him, and that is, that he is a man of courage. His very life makes him a man of courage.

Now, there are two things which characterize the history of the last hundred years in America, among many others, and one is appropriation and the other is appreciation. We have appropriated as a nation about everything there is in God's world, north, east, south and west, and that is the reason why we are so rich. But suppose we did not have sailors to tow the stuff for us from the place where we appropriate it, the story would be a very different one. But that appropriation has been one of the things which has greatly helped and strengthened the life of the sailor, so that he is no more the man today in habit and in aspiration and in outlook than the sailor was fifty or sixty years ago, in what were really crude days, than anything at all.

The other is appreciation. As we have grown, we have come in a way to appreciate. Of course, I do not forget that one of our British authors has told us that there is no room upon the pages of history for any reference at all, even for schoolma'ams or ministers of the gospel! I am not sure but that is true. I sometimes have wondered how much room there was upon the margin of our ledgers of the great and successful concerns for recording the advance in the wages of the sailors of the sea during the last fifty years when they have been bringing them their great wealth from the very ends of the earth. And I suspect that if all the rich men in America today were brave enough to analyze the sources of their wealth they would be utterly amazed to find the debt which they owe for that wealth to the sailors of the world who have brought it to them, at least in its raw materials, from the uttermost parts of the earth.

Having said these two things, I want to remark further upon this spirit of courage which is in the heart of the sailor. Were you ever in a hurricane? I have been. I have crossed the ocean eleven round trips now, principally at my own expense, for some errand which related to the church or the kingdom of God. And I have seen the old ocean so calm from New York to Southampton that I could row across; and I have seen it storm. But I never saw a hurricane but once, and that was a couple of summers ago when they were having those awful hurricanes

down to the southward. The tail of one of them came and caught our vessel. We made two knots in eight hours. I am not going to say to you that the waves rolled mountain high, because that was not the way the waves acted that day. They were very high, but they were all gathered up into pyramids,— pyramids here, there, and everywhere, and as the sun was doing business that day, not being entirely clouded in, the summit of every one of those pyramids was shot through with the light of all the colors of the rainbow. It was the most wonderful vision of the power and the beauty of God these eyes of mine had ever seen.



SOCIAL HALL OF SAILOR'S REST WITH ONE-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY DECORATIONS—
LOOKING TOWARDS PLATFORM.

But I want you to understand that most of the passengers on the ship were a mess. (*Laughter.*) Some of them were praying and, to be perfectly frank, a lot more of them were puking. Those who were doing neither one nor the other were almost scared out of their wits. But it happens that sailor blood is in my veins from three generations clear back, so I had the great joy and delight and inspiration that day of fellowship with that hurricane for eight hours, from the beginning to the end. And what did I see? The finest thing was not the passengers. It was the seamen and the officers. And where were the officers? Were they in seclusion? Were they looking for a place where they could be out of the range of the discomfort of those waves which were rolling in over the bow, just as though they had bought a round-trip ticket and had paid for it, and were on their way to their noble staterooms? Not a bit of it! They were with the men, and they and the men were getting soaked and were grinning at each other all the while. From the beginning to the end of that storm there were exhibitions of manhood and of courage which would have made any of those sick people absolutely well if they could have only lifted up their heads long enough to behold the vision. But they couldn't.

Now, as a matter of fact, when we came out from that hurricane we found that not a single line had parted, that the ship was absolutely in condition for the continuing of her splendid trip. But we saw the way in which the courage of a man can help him keep his head, on the one hand, and exhibit the necessary daring on the other, which gave us a new sense of the principle of courage which makes the seaman what he is.

There is another thing about the seaman, besides being a man of courage, and that is, he is a man of imagination. You perhaps do not realize that until you come into fellowship with them. The quickest imaginations I find in the world are the imaginations of my seamen friends. I could try this idea on my own boat. I had a captain who could swear like a pirate. There is

no imagination in swearing, and he never swore in my presence. But he had another characteristic in which I was very much more interested, and that is what the man would see on one of our cruises. He would see everything. He would see the twinkling stars at night and talk about them. He would see the gulls flying over in the daytime or the flocks of wild birds, and talk about them. He would see a little black thing sticking up out of the water perhaps an eighth of a mile away and he would be wondering whether that was a shark, on the one hand, or whether it was a swordfish, on the other. He would see a school of fish here and there, always something to attract his eye and kindle his imagination; and although he had a foul tongue, which had been made foul not by what was in his soul but by the habits which surrounded him, he had one of the whitest and one of the cleanest and one of the most beautiful imaginative minds I have ever seen.

He is not alone. All sailors have imagination, and that is what makes so many of them poets. And why? They all of them live poetry. I went down to the wharves here when I was a boy about seventeen years old one day and an old Gloucester fisherman had just come in with a load of great big codfish. Those codfish, I should say by the ton, were piled up on the deck. And you know, I saw a sailor sitting in an easy chair on the top of the codfish reading. He had his sou'wester on, his oilskins and his rubber boots. And I said in surprise, "What are you reading?" He said, "I am reading the poems of Longfellow," if you please. And that is true over and over again. They are poets. They have given to us some of the most beautiful poetry in the world. Here is a rare bit.

"I must go down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over."

Written by a sailor, John Masefield himself, who, by the way, as a boy lived over in New York, and under the stress of poverty and hunger was for years in a liquor saloon trying to eke out his miserable existence. But he would not be personally miserable in that existence. He would not sink to the level of that which was around him. He had stuff enough in him to escape the average, and he found his place in giving wing to his imagination and writing poems which the world will not willingly let die.

Because the sailor has this principle of imagination so splendidly developed in him he also has the principle of religion. The sailor is almost always religious, if you can get down to where he really lives. You almost never come across a blatant atheist on the sea. His religion is of a simple character, but it is very, very realistic. A sailor believes when he dies his body goes to Davy Jones's locker, but that is only half of what a sailor believes. He believes when the body goes to Davy Jones's locker the soul climbs the shrouds and goes aloft into the presence of the ever-living and of the ever-loving God. That is the reason why sailors are such fine people to preach to, if you only know how to do it, because they are receptive in their deepest souls to those highest implications which ever sway the spirit of men.

You know the story — a very familiar story here in Boston — about the time Dr. Channing went to preach to the sailors. There was nothing lacking in the grace of his discourse or in the development of his discourse or in the strength of his discourse. It was an ideal sermon from a very elevated standpoint. But when he got through all the boys were asleep. And Father Taylor, in order to recover the situation, said, "Boys, the Doctor preached a fine sermon, didn't he, this morning?" And out of loyalty to Father Taylor they gave a very modest amount of approval. Father Taylor turned to them again and said, "Boys, there must be something the matter with Dr. Channing's religion, don't you think?" And then they burst forth in an outbreak of admiration which left nothing to be desired. That one man cannot reach the sailor is no sign he cannot be reached; he can be reached all the time.

Take that old story of Father Taylor who met one of the boys after the sermon. He said, "My boy, you like preaching, don't you?" And he said, "Yes, sir, I like good preaching."

"Well," said the sailor preacher, "what do you consider good preaching?" And he said, "You seem to be a very good-natured old duffer and I will tell you. When a man takes something warm out of his heart and shoves it into mine, I call that good preaching."

Do you know of any homiletics professor in America today who has surpassed that for a gospel-straight corrective idea of preaching? A man with a warm heart taking something out of it and pushing it into other hearts — that is preaching. Nobody has approached that definition, so far as my limited knowledge of homiletics goes, in this country except Phillips Brooks, who expressed the same idea in other trenchant words. "Preaching," said he, "is truth through personality." And it is truth through personality, that kind of preaching which finds its way



SOCIAL HALL — LOOKING FROM PLATFORM.

into the hearts of these brave boys of ours who in the depths of their souls lift up their eyes unto the God in whom they believe and many, many, many of whom are walking in manly fashion in the ways of the Lord.

But it is time for me to draw this to a close. I wanted to make two applications of these things about the sailors. And the first is just a word of application with relation to the hundred years' history of this dear old Seaman's Friend Society. For I knew it and loved it as a boy and as a young man, and when I was a minister in Boston I passed some of the happiest hours of my life in these quarters, in fellowship with these brave men of the sea, finding out for myself the splendid stuff which enters into their aspiring manhood. I just want to pay my tribute of respect to dear Captain Nickerson, long since entered into the world of life, who used to tread this quarter-deck and send the influence of his manly character into the souls of the boys, which they took around with them in their voyages around the world.

The second thing which I wanted to say in the way of application was that when our boys sail into our ports, when they come into the port of Boston, for example, and join a landing party, they are always starting out for their Waterloo, because they always come in with their pockets full of money and usually it lasts them two or three days; but after a while they are pretty sure to get into a condition where they will be glad to get a free ride back again to the ship from which they have come. They know nobody here, most of them. They are generous, good-natured and easy-go-lucky chaps, and friendships are made very easily for and with them. And because the proper kind of friendship is not easily obtainable, over and over again a fine young chap slips

away into areas of life which he would never realize for himself if only the chance — the appropriate chance — were given him to make connections with those other areas of life which would mean strength for his soul and nobility for his body.

Now, you remember I said to you men at the outset that appropriation and appreciation were two of the outstanding characteristics of the development of our century. How much does the city of Boston and the city of Portland and the city of New Haven — New England cities — owe to the sailor? State your figure. How much is it? Is it enough so that those cities owe something to the sailor which shall be of adequate help for him while he is a guest in any of our ports? They talk about charity. The sailor boy is the last fellow in the world to need your charity, except in those extreme and individual instances which might happen to us every one. He does not want your charity. But the thing which he does need and to which he has a right is that New England should repay the debt which she owes to the sailors of the world for the wealth they bring to her, upon the one hand, and the courage they manifest in exposing their own lives for the preservation of that wealth, upon the other.

Let New England just pay her debt to the sailor boy and he won't ask for alms. How can she pay it? She can provide for him in a city like this a clubhouse. Call it whatever you please. I don't think Sailor's Rest is a very good name for sailors in this day and generation. Call it a clubhouse or whatever you choose, and have in that clubhouse everything you have in your clubhouse for your convenience and for your comfort. Have a place where he can get a first-class bath under first-class conditions. He would appreciate that. Have a place where he can play his game of cards or his game of billiards in innocent relations. He will appreciate that. Have a place where he can sit before the fire and read the last sea book that has come out. For sailor boys like to read sea stories just the same as we landlubbers do. Have a place where he can write to his sweetheart or his mother, which sometimes, but not always, are the same person, and where he can get a stamp to mail his letters with. Have a place where he can meet some of the finest people in the town, and have them there sometimes to meet him, not as a matter of charity, not as a matter of condescension — he doesn't want your charity and doesn't want your condescension. He wants a little bit of you yourself, as he finds himself far from his own home and his own kindred.

Don't neglect the religious! I remind you that all these things I have been speaking about are in their soul religious, when we come to understand the areas of what we call the kingdom of God.

You can reach his soul and swing it into the arms of the Everlasting, if only you won't be sissy about it, if only you will be a man and meet him as a man and bring the whole of your manhood to bear against whatever manhood he himself may have brought with him. This is the business of these New England ports, and especially of the port of Boston, which is the greatest of them all, to recognize that we owe something to our sailor boys because of the manner in which they have ministered to the appropriations of our lives, which have made so many of us wonderfully rich, and for the way in which through that association we can uplift their own lives.

They are a restless company, these boys. You remember Kipling's story about the sailors that went to heaven and were quartered on the floor of the glassy sea, and they got a little bit restless and they said, "Must we sing forevermore on this windless, glassy floor? Take back your golden vessels and we will put for the open sea." And God heard the word of the silly sailors and he gave them back their sea. And when he gave them back their sea, I am sure that He meant that you and I who owe them so much should give them, not as a matter of charity, but as a matter of right, those hospitalities in our city by virtue of which they shall be able to cultivate the manhood which is in them and not have it shattered in port; by virtue of which they shall be able to have surcease, not from toil, but from loneliness and shall know what it is to have a friend who meets them upon the common level of their manhood; not to dole out charity to them, unless they are in absolute want, but to give them that which is their due because of the wealth which they, if they have not created it, have brought to our land, and the

manner in which they have served the larger and the finer and the higher interests of our country.

God bless the jacky boys! They are just as fine as any other crowd of boys in equal number which you can pick up in this world of ours, and they grow finer, and they will grow stronger as they become more and more sure, not of the simple charity, but of the sympathy and of the appreciation of the people ashore, — the landlubbers, who find out that every year they are making the profession of seagoing higher and nobler and more worthy of American citizenship. (*Prolonged applause.*)

PRESIDENT DANFORTH. I tell you, friends, Dr. Boynton knows how to show the glory of the glory hole.

At this time we will have another solo from Mr. Lunger.

Mr. Lunger sang "The Sea Rover," by Masefield.

PRESIDENT DANFORTH. The Big Brother of Boston, I suppose, is New York, and the Big Brother of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society is the American Seamen's Friend Society, and we would fain at this time receive a word of greeting from Dr. Webster, the genial king of the American Seamen's Friend Society.

ADDRESS OF REV. GEORGE SIDNEY WEBSTER, D.D.,

Secretary of the American Seamen's Friend Society of New York.

It is said that an Arab can subsist on a handful of dates while making a desert journey. In our journey of life we are often tempted to fight shy of dates or, to use a slang expression, try to "forget them." But tonight we are emphasizing the importance of a date. We are proud to mark the ending of a century of time in service for seamen. I am here at your invitation to bring the hearty greetings and congratulations of a sister society, of the same family name, that is only a few months younger. Just a word about the name "Seamen's Friend Society" of which we are so proud. I had supposed it originated in this country until three years ago last summer when I saw in large letters on the pavement in front of an entrance to a seamen's home in a prominent British seaport the words, "Liverpool Seamen's Friend Society, organized 1820." Possibly a prominent official of our great inland seaport, Chicago, may seek to abolish all of our family as unpatriotic because the name originated under the Union Jack and not the Stars and Stripes.

But I am getting away from my subject, which is a handful of dates. Stuffed dates, if you please, as possibly more toothsome than the plain natural variety.

The other day at a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce in New York City I met the Vice-President of the Marine Society of New York. He was telling me that the Marine Society was the oldest organization in New York directly concerned in the welfare of seamen. It was organized in the year 1769, just one year later than the Chamber of Commerce, and both were incorporated in the year 1770 under King George the Third. The original charter of the Chamber of Commerce states that its object is "to promote and extend just and lawful commerce and to assist such members as may be reduced to poverty and their widows and children." The Marine Society was organized for the "improvement of marine knowledge and the relief of destitute seamen and their families." "The Chamber of Commerce of the City of New York" was the name given in the original English incorporation. On April 13, 1784, the legislature of New York State in granting incorporation changed its name to "The Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York." Little did they dream that many cities in the Empire State would have their own Chamber of Commerce. The name, however, persists to the present time and probably always will stand.

While we can point with justifiable pride to the fact that the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York is the oldest organization of that type in this country, in justice to the truth

we must yield the palm of priority to Boston for organizing her Marine Society in the year 1742. I have no further knowledge of this organization, the history of which is doubtless familiar to you all, but trust that like her sister society in New York she is still going strong.

In the great hall of our Chamber of Commerce in New York the portrait most highly prized is that of the first secretary of the Treasury of the United States, who held office from 1789-1795. It is a full-length portrait of Alexander Hamilton, painted from life by John Trumbull in 1792. It has a peculiar interest to me because the original gave his name to the college of which I am an alumnus.

For us tonight there is interest in this historic figure of over a century ago because of what he did for a retired sea captain, who lived in a mansion on Manhattan Island, once occupied by a British Governor of New York City. This mansion was surrounded by a little truck farm of about two acres, from which he received his support. On June 1, 1801, only four days before his death, Captain Robert Richard Randall sent for the young lawyer, Alexander Hamilton, who then lived in Wall Street, to come to the outskirts of the city and draw his will. After disposing of his personal property, he was in doubt how to bequeath his real estate. Hamilton suggested that, as he was fond of sailors, he might provide a home for the aged and worn-out men of the sea. There is a legend that the lawyer thought possibly the income from the little truck farm might support one sailor each year. For thirty years after his death legal heirs sought to thwart Captain Randall's purpose, but the word "perpetual" in the will was established by the court as carrying out the intention of the testator. The most generously endowed sailor welfare work in the world today, Sailors' Snug Harbor, with its 860 old "salts," well cared for, is the result.

In the year 1809 the Marine Bible Society was organized to distribute Scriptures among seamen in the port of New York. Shortly afterwards this was merged in the New York Bible Society which celebrated its one hundred and eighteenth anniversary yesterday in New York City. There was sent to the Society the following message of congratulation from President Coolidge: "I am very sorry I shall be unable to show the very real interest I have in the very valuable work of the New York Bible Society by attending the 118th anniversary service on the evening of Dec. 4. My wish is that in the future you may be able to increase the very great service you have been rendering for so many years."

Another date we can stuff full of interest is Sunday morning, May 19, 1811. A sailor was strolling past the Brick Presbyterian Church, then in Beekman Street, near the City Hall, New York City. He probably was amused at the chains which were put across the street to prevent traffic past the church during service hours. He was interested, however, in a huge fire that was raging not far away to the northeast and which destroyed nearly one hundred buildings. All his sailor instinct of helpfulness was aroused when he saw smoke coming from the wooden spire where a burning brand had landed. Many of that helpless crowd expected to see their beloved church destroyed. The lightning rod that ran to the top of the spire was the sailor's opportunity. With the agility of a monkey and the purpose of a man he soon climbed that rod and put out the fire. As he returned to the ground by the same route, someone asked him his name and it was given. The sailor disappeared and was never identified in New York again.



REV. GEORGE SIDNEY WEBSTER, D.D.

as the "undaunted mariner," Stephen McCormick, to whom the Brick Church officials offered one hundred dollars reward for his efforts "in the hands of God of saving the Church."

That reward was never claimed, but the people of that church never forgot the sailor. Their young pastor, Dr. Gardiner Spring, was one of the first to hold services on board the ships in the harbor. Leading members of the Brick Church were among the founders of the first organization for welfare work for seamen in the port of New York, June 5, 1818. With a disregard of the value of time and space, characteristic of that period, they named it "the Society for promoting the Gospel among seamen in the port of New York." For more than a century this good work has continued and is now carried on under the shorter name of the Port Society. Under the auspices of the Port Society, the first Mariners' Church in New York, if not in this country, was dedicated June 4, 1820.

In the year 1825 one hundred and fourteen masters and mates of vessels petitioned the Christian men of New York to form a national society which would promote morality and religion among seamen. In response to this petition a meeting was held and is thus quaintly reported: "A large and respectable meeting of the citizens of New York was held October 25, 1825, for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of adopting measures preparatory to the formation of an American Seamen's Friend Society." The enterprise was not fully launched, however, until May 5, 1828, when the organization of the present American Seamen's Friend Society was completed, with Smith Thompson, Secretary of the United States Navy, as President. The first effort of the new organization was the establishing of a monthly periodical similar to the London *Sailor's Magazine*. It was the first American magazine to be devoted to the interests of seamen, both in the Navy and Merchant Marine. It is the only periodical of its kind in the United States with a continuous history of more than ninety-nine years.

The second object of the Society was the sending of chaplains to look after the moral welfare and religious interest of American seamen in foreign ports. Until very recent years this was the only American society having work in ports other than our own, and is now the only denominational society in this country with national and international affiliations. That work has continued from 1830 until the present time.

The affiliation with the Boston Seaman's Friend Society was very close for about sixty years, up to 1888. Our records show that the last three years of that affiliation we gave your Society about \$9,000. Mr. Pinneo, our treasurer, who has served our Society for nearly fifty years, tells me of several instances where it was necessary for the Courts to construe the meaning of wills where there was a confusion of the Boston with the American Seamen's Friend Society. There have always been the most cordial relations between the two Societies in these contests and we are especially happy that a recent legacy for the "American Seamen's Friend Society of Boston" is going to you.

Reference to finances reminds me that our main office in New York has been for forty years or more in the Seamen's Bank for Savings, now number 72 Wall Street. We are not officially connected with this institution, though the presidents and several directors of the bank have been trustees of the Society.

An amusing incident occurred ten years or more ago when Mr. Barnes was President. At that time the president's office was on the Wall Street front. A sight-seeing wagon was going through Wall Street with its load of out-of-town visitors. As they approached the corner of Wall and Pearl streets the announcer shouted, "Ladies and gentlemen, we are coming to the Seamen's Savings Bank. It is the richest savings bank in the city of New York, if not in the world. Untold millions are in its vaults left by sailors who were lost at sea. Right there in that window, sitting at his desk, you can see the President of the bank, Mr. Seamens himself." The statement that the bank holds untold millions of unclaimed money is met by the fact that about six hundred dormant accounts, totalling approximately \$150,000, have been traced to seamen. As a bank official states, "This money, still held for mariners should they return with tales of

strange adventure following shipwreck in far-off seas, is kept deep in the ground under sea level in a sort of Davy Jones' Locker on land."

I will make two brief observations from my experience of thirteen years in welfare work for seamen. First, that the work should be strictly religious in character and administration. Of the eighty-five places I have visited, thirty-five in this country and fifty in Europe, I have found only one in an English seaport that was founded and maintained by an atheist, who forbade any religious services ever held in the building. The building was the finest in that port but was practically deserted of seamen. They appreciate the Christian spirit and motive in our work. The second observation is that when I came into the work I was told that I would have a lonesome job; that it was every man for himself and each work by itself. After visiting some sixteen organizations in our port of New York, and consulting with several of the superintendents and leaders, we formed in 1915 a Joint Conference of the Societies in the port. It enabled us to touch elbows and realize something of each other's problems and show the fraternal spirit. The most tangible outcome of this coöperative work was the maintenance of twelve annual Sailors' Day Services, the last one held November 13, 1927, in Trinity Church, New York City.

I noted in your splendid periodical, *THE SEA BREEZE*, that December 13, 1926, you entered upon the century you are now celebrating. Pardon a personal allusion, but that day, while crossing Fifth Avenue and 20th St., New York City, I was knocked down by a taxi and escaped death by a very small margin. This leads to the outlook for us all, — a rededication of ourselves in the spirit of the Master who called a majority of His Disciples from their seafaring life to be founders of the Christian Church and Whose Spirit and Blessing we seek as we go forward each of us in the new century of welfare work for seafaring men.

PRESIDENT DANFORTH. In his very gracious words Dr. Webster has made allusion to the Boston Port Society. That Society will now speak for itself through its President, Dean Willard L. Sperry of the Harvard Divinity School.

ADDRESS OF REV. WILLARD L. SPERRY, D.D., President of the Boston Port Society.

THERE is in the Book of Job — if my memory serves me rightly — a passage which says, "That which I greatly feared is come upon me." That which for twenty years I have feared has now come upon me. I have feared that sooner or later I might find myself on a program where I had to speak after our good friend, Dr. Nehemiah Boynton. It is hard to speak after Dr. Boynton, because what he says, he says so wisely and well and with such precision, that he leaves little to be added by those who follow him.

Sitting beside me at the table were two shipping men who were to have spoken this evening. They have slipped away because, as they said to me, Dr. Boynton had made their speeches for them. I have stayed on simply to tell you how truly Dr. Boynton has said the things which all of us would have said at this time.

I had in mind speaking at some length on what is, I think, one of the worst sins we can commit, — the sin of taking things for granted. One



Photo by Bachrach

REV. WILLARD L. SPERRY, D.D.

of the most noteworthy forms of that sin, here in New England, is the sin of taking the *Mayflower* for granted. We hear of the Pilgrim Fathers who were its passengers. We do not think often enough of the unknown men who made up the crew.

We tend to forget, further, that most of the stable wealth of our modern New England was won for us by the shipping of the last century, and that our institutions are founded upon the courage of those seafaring men. These things we remember, here in Boston, when we come together in the interests of the modern sailor.

I am here to represent the Boston Port Society, of which I am the President. I fear I am a poor official of that society, but I value my connection with it because it is one touch of the sea, a connection with the sea. Two or three nights ago I woke to hear a big vessel blowing her horn down in the Harbor. I was glad to think of her, and what she was doing, and of the men who manned her. The Port Society is one of the ways in which I express that gladness.

My dear father, whom some of you knew, brought me up on the sea and with a love of the sea. That love of the sea has become one of the ways of keeping alive a sense of the wonder of life, and of the great goodness of God. These things are all bound up with our interest in the work of our societies.

As for the Seaman's Friend Society and the Port Society, let me tell you a tale. I was coming home on a liner a year ago, and we had two days of fog. The captain was running partly on dead reckoning and partly by wireless signals from Cape Sable and Cape Race. When he got his bearings I asked him how near he had been on the basis of the signals from those two stations. He said, "Within a mile and a half."

So I like to think that some man running on dead moral reckoning, perhaps through a fog of difficulties, a thousand miles from here, may get the signals from the Seaman's Friend Society and the Port Society, and may be able to come through all right. We send out these signals of home and direction to men at sea or far away who need moral guidance and religious help. I hope our messages always intercept to help the needy man wherever he is.

So I bring you the congratulations and the greeting of the Port Society on your hundredth anniversary.

PRESIDENT DANFORTH. Splendid greetings from a splendid society by a splendid president!

One of the nearest neighbors of our office at 14 Beacon Street is in the office of the American Board. Dr. Strong knows something about that office and he has a word for us, I am sure.

ADDRESS OF REV. WILLIAM E. STRONG, D.D.,

Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

MR. PRESIDENT and fellow-passengers on the good ship "Seaman's Friend," who have tasted with me the delightful terrors of the sea, the clams and the lobsters and ice cream, and have not yielded to cowardice or to fear; and who have faced the further stream of oratory with a courage and a determination unsurpassed by those sailors of whom Dr. Boynton told us — heroes and sheroes all, I salute you!

Now, sir, it is altogether too late to attempt to speak about the relations between the American Board and the Seaman's Friend Society, though I should be glad to do so for the sake of assuring you there is much to be said which may not be known to you all. But the hour is altogether too late, and I am not orator enough to hold you spellbound at such a time as this.

Mark Twain said once of a certain master of assemblies, "Eloquence oozes out of him like attar of rose out of an otter." I never hear Nehemiah Boynton speak but I think of that. After all this flood of oratory it ill becomes me to let my little water pot trickle down upon you.

But I want to say there is a very close relationship between the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions and this Boston Seaman's Friend Society. To begin with, we

were born about the same time. We are both of us fairly old. The Board had seventeen years the start, and at the first that made quite a difference. A boy of seventeen does not think much of a babe in the cradle. But when you get up to 100 and 117, we are pretty near together. We had the same era to start in; and the same traditions and surroundings; and the same set of people in the large were interested in the one case as in the other. We have had our headquarters here in Boston, and that is a thing that gives us a common relationship. It would be interesting to trace the history of Boston at the time we were starting, the way it looked and the people who ran it, and all that sort of thing; but that is foregone because of the lateness of the hour. But we were brought up on Boston baked beans and brown bread and we have grown steadily together; not with excitement, because Boston beans do not produce that, but with sturdiness and strength. By the way, there is a new Boston hymn which I have heard recently that we ought to sing together:

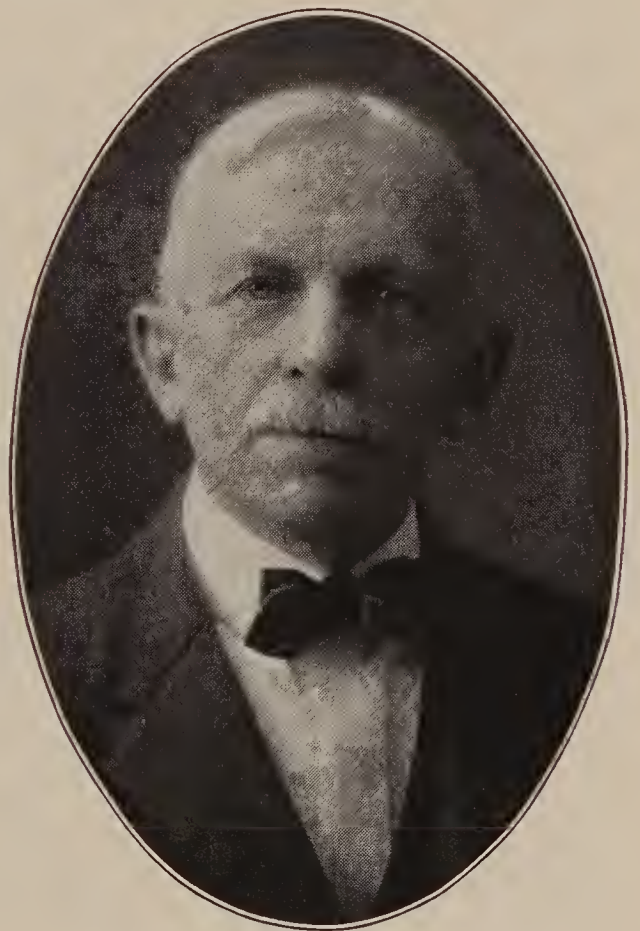
“I eat my beans with honey,
I have done it all my life;
They do taste kind of funny,
But it keeps them on the knife.”

(*Laughter.*) I see some good Bostonians here understand the allusion.

And then we both look out to sea. All the missions of the American Board except one in Mexico are overseas, so the eyes of the Board are ever turned out over the great waters, as are the eyes of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society. You follow your sailors, and our missionaries go on ships which are manned by those sailors. Foreign missionaries come very close to sailors, in many countries and on many seas. Our interests thus go beyond Boston and New England, and even the United States, as we range the world for our field.

Moreover the American Board has been in the seafaring business itself. During its history it has had a fleet of not less than ten vessels at one time or another. Most of them were wrecked, in the course of their service, which accounts for the large number. We have had five *Morning Stars*, and we have had two *Hiram Bingham*s, of which Captain Walkup was in command; a missionary, original, indefatigable, devoted, a wise old man of the sea. In some respects he reminds me of the legends of Father Taylor. Eventually his vessel was caught in a typhoon and shipwrecked; for several days captain and men were in an open boat, without food or water; when they got to shore, too exhausted to recover, the captain laid down to die.

Just one other incident will I stop to tell, because it seems to me so striking. I ran across it the other day and it came to my mind in this connection. One year after the Seaman's Friend Society was organized, one year after or before,— I am not sure which,— the famous Robert Morrison of the London Missionary Society, working in China, issued a call to the American Board to send missionaries to China. He said the influence that led to his sending that call was, that American merchants in the Canton trade, who were there, urged him to do so because of the number of English-speaking people and American seamen in the China ports whom they thought might be helped by such a mission. The year after, two missionaries were sent. One of them was appointed by the Board and the other, David Abeel, was appointed by the American Seamen's Friend Society of New York. I am happy to say from



REV. WILLIAM E. STRONG, D.D.

our point of view, a year after he got there he turned over and became a missionary of the American Board. There were two missionaries going out together, one from the American Board and one from the Seaman's Friend Society, to start their work in China. The American Board and the Seaman's Friend Society were partners from the beginning; and they never have been stronger friends than they are today. (*Applause.*)

PRESIDENT DANFORTH. Mrs. Roulston wants everybody in uniform, which means everybody at that table over there, to wait just a minute, as she has a little present to give to each one of you.

Now we want to all stand up and sing one verse of "America," and then our meeting will adjourn.

(Following the singing of one verse of "America" the meeting was adjourned.)



Forecastle — Temporary home
for shipwrecked sailors.

VINEYARD HAVEN MISSION

Bethel.

One Hundredth Anniversary.

Exercises at the Old South Church, Boston, Tuesday Evening,
December 6, at 8 o'clock.

PROGRAM.

ORGAN SELECTIONS

March	Salome
Minuet	Handel
Vesperale	Scott

MR. HENRY E. WRY

PRESIDING OFFICER REV. J. ROMEYN DANFORTH, *President.*

VOCAL SOLO "Anchored" Watson
MR. NORMAN ARNOLD

PRAYER. REV. RUSSELL HENRY STAFFORD, D.D., *Pastor of the Old South Church.*

ADDRESS. REV. ASHLEY DAY LEAVITT, D.D., *Pastor of Harvard Church, Brookline.*

AN HISTORICAL STATEMENT. REV. MERRITT A. FARREN, *Secretary.*

VOCAL SOLO. "The Larboard Watch" Williams
MR. NORMAN ARNOLD

ADDRESS. REV. CHARLES R. BROWN, D.D., *Dean of the Divinity School of Yale University.*

HYMN 756.

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION. REV. HENRY H. GUERNSEY, *Vice-President.*

REMARKS OF PRESIDENT J. ROMEYN DANFORTH.

THE Boston Seaman's Friend Society, observing its hundredth anniversary, looks back with great gratitude upon the things that have been done in the past, but receives from that work incentive to larger, better things. As the days multiply into years, the years themselves multiply into the form of another century.

At this very pleasant time we may well remember that here, in the port of Boston, one hundred thousand seamen come every year. Forty thousand of these men annually visit the Society's Bethels. The work of our Society is a continuation and enlargement of work done by the churches all along the coast. He who ministers to the seamen ministers to all the world. In touching the borders of the continent one touches the hem of the Master's garment.

Now, a seaboard church has an opportunity of doing some of these things itself. The church of which I have the pleasure of being pastor has as its oldest communion cups two which bear the inscription: "Presented by the owners of the ship *Adventure*, London, 1699"; and then it tells how that ship was frozen into the harbor and through the winter its officers and men were made at home in that church, — the same work which the Seaman's Friend Society is doing every day in the year for men who are not frozen into harbors but men who are here, it may be for a few hours or it may be for a few weeks. And we need to have better facilities for doing that work.

The Boston Seaman's Friend Society is the agency by which the churches of New England collectively are doing this thing which they cannot all of them do individually and personally. As we are doing the work, and it is worth doing, it is worth doing better and we can do it better when the better building rises on the site of the present structure. Let us, then, bear that in

mind. It may not be next week, it may not be next year, but some time it must come. Let us now have the song "Anchored," to be sung by Mr. Norman Arnold — surely a song well suited to this present occasion.

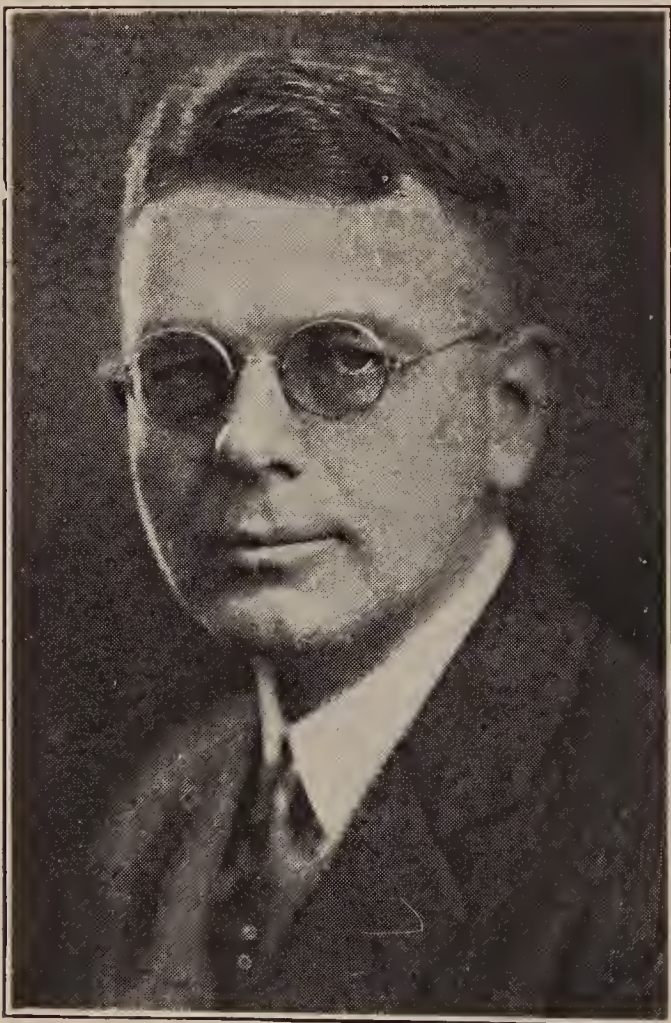
The song "Anchored," by Watson, was sung by Mr. Norman Arnold.

PRESIDENT DANFORTH. In his own pulpit Dr. Stafford needs no introduction and will now lead us in prayer.

PRAYER BY REV. RUSSELL HENRY STAFFORD, D.D.,

Minister of the Old South Church in Boston.

ALMIGHTY GOD, Lord of all lands and of the far-spreading seas, we come before Thee, upon this occasion of centenary remembrance, with hearts filled with gratitude for Thine abundant blessings and sustaining favor, vouchsafed to this Society throughout the century of its service now completed.



REV. R. H. STAFFORD, D.D.

We recall with gratitude before Thee the strong, generous, God-fearing servants of humanity who through the fast-following generations have carried forward the work of this Association in behalf of that needy and deserving class of our fellow men drawn from many shores, the men of the sea, who are living links between the continents, and the trusted carriers of human life and of the treasures of commerce; uniting all lands, by their perilous adventuring across the deep, in the comity of a world-embracing fraternity of nations.

We thank Thee that the needs of these men of the sea have been laid by Thy Spirit upon the hearts of the Christians of this great port. And we pray that Thy blessing may rest upon all who follow this calling; that to them, entrusted as they are with sacred obligations in behalf of the continuance of human welfare, there may come a bounteous experience of the mercies of God in Jesus Christ, and, born of that experience, such a true-hearted consecration to the truths and duties it enjoins as shall make their living better, cleaner, finer than it otherwise could be. And may this Society of their friends be increasingly prospered

in its purpose and endeavor to promote their welfare by all manner of provision for their health, wholesome recreation, moral security and spiritual growth!

Grant that upon this occasion we may not only recall the past achievements of our fellowship, but may also re-dedicate ourselves for new achievement; that this Society may receive a fresh impulse of spiritual power from Thee, and of practical sagacity for its tasks, so that in the years to come the record made in the century closed may be improved upon; and that an ever more adequate measure of support may be provided by the Christian public for the noble work of this agency which Thou hast thus blessed through the many years we now gratefully recall.

May this anniversary meeting be a time when we not only meet one with another to rejoice in recollections of the past, but also meet with Thee, that a new infusion of Thy grace and strength may be imparted to us, to invest our lives and undertakings with enlarged vision and

capacity, to the greater glory of Thy kingdom, and especially for the benefiting of Thy servants on the sea, to whom as a society we minister.

All this we ask for the sake of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Redeemer. AMEN.

PRESIDENT DANFORTH. Every missionary or other society has two fields: The field from which it draws its support and the field to which that support is given, its sphere of activity. This Society has its field of activity out over all the Seven Seas, for wherever the tides rise and fall the work of this Society goes. But the field from which it draws its support has within recent years been extended, so that instead of being entirely dependent upon Boston and the region roundabout, it now looks to all New England. And partly, I think, with reference to extending this, and feeling that it is really a New England society, Connecticut figures rather largely on our order of service here this evening. Now Connecticut, you remember, had wished upon it in some far-past years the name of The Nutmeg State — referring to a nutmeg which was not the real thing. But I think Connecticut is rather demonstrating that it is the real thing; it must be the real nutmeg. You remember that the real nutmeg grows upon some kind of a small tree in the Far East and is surrounded as it grows by a husk, and the husk is mace. And so Connecticut, half arrogantly, says, "Yes, I am the nutmeg." Then Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and Rhode Island are the five leaves of mace that grow right around this nutmeg.

Now, Dr. Leavitt is the real nutmeg. I know that he preaches out in Brookline and that they very naturally love him there, but that is partly because they love nutmeg. And so we in Connecticut love him and we feel that he belongs to us always — that once steeped in that one great flavor, it never comes off. We are delighted to have Dr. Leavitt speak to us at this time.

ADDRESS OF REV. ASHLEY DAY LEAVITT, DD.,

Pastor of Harvard Church, Brookline.

MR. PRESIDENT, Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society:

I thought Dr. Danforth was really going on to say that I was the five leaves of the mace. I do not know whether he knows it, but I have really had pastorates in Connecticut, New Hampshire and Maine, and now one in Massachusetts; and it only remains for my removal to a fifth State in New England to complete the analogy of the mace surrounding the nutmeg.

If I am a nutmeg, as he suggests, I might say that I was first grated in Connecticut, for it was there that I was ordained to the Christian ministry under the scrutiny and examination of some of the stalwart theologians who are still controlling ecclesiastical affairs in the city of Hartford.

It is a great pleasure indeed to stand here tonight and to have anything to do with these exercises commemorating the one hundred years of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society.

I take it that the program really calls in this place for a *bona fide* historian, — someone who really could tell you the story of the one hundred years of struggle and of progress, of real achievement, of men and women whose names stand high in the religious history of not only Massachusetts but New England. I am not such a *bona fide* historian and I could not attempt tonight to give you a rapid and entertaining survey of the years as they have passed. I have been reading the records recently, and have been tremendously interested to discover how closely this Society has kept up with its history. Ten years ago, for instance, the Boston Seaman's Friend Society celebrated its ninetieth anniversary with adequate exercises, and the history of the organization was then given. I see in the audience here tonight the man who was then president of this Society and who gave the historical address, and I do not dare attempt to do anything in the way of history tonight, because he will know that I cribbed it all from his address of 1917, if I should do it.



REV. ASHLEY DAY LEAVITT, D.D.

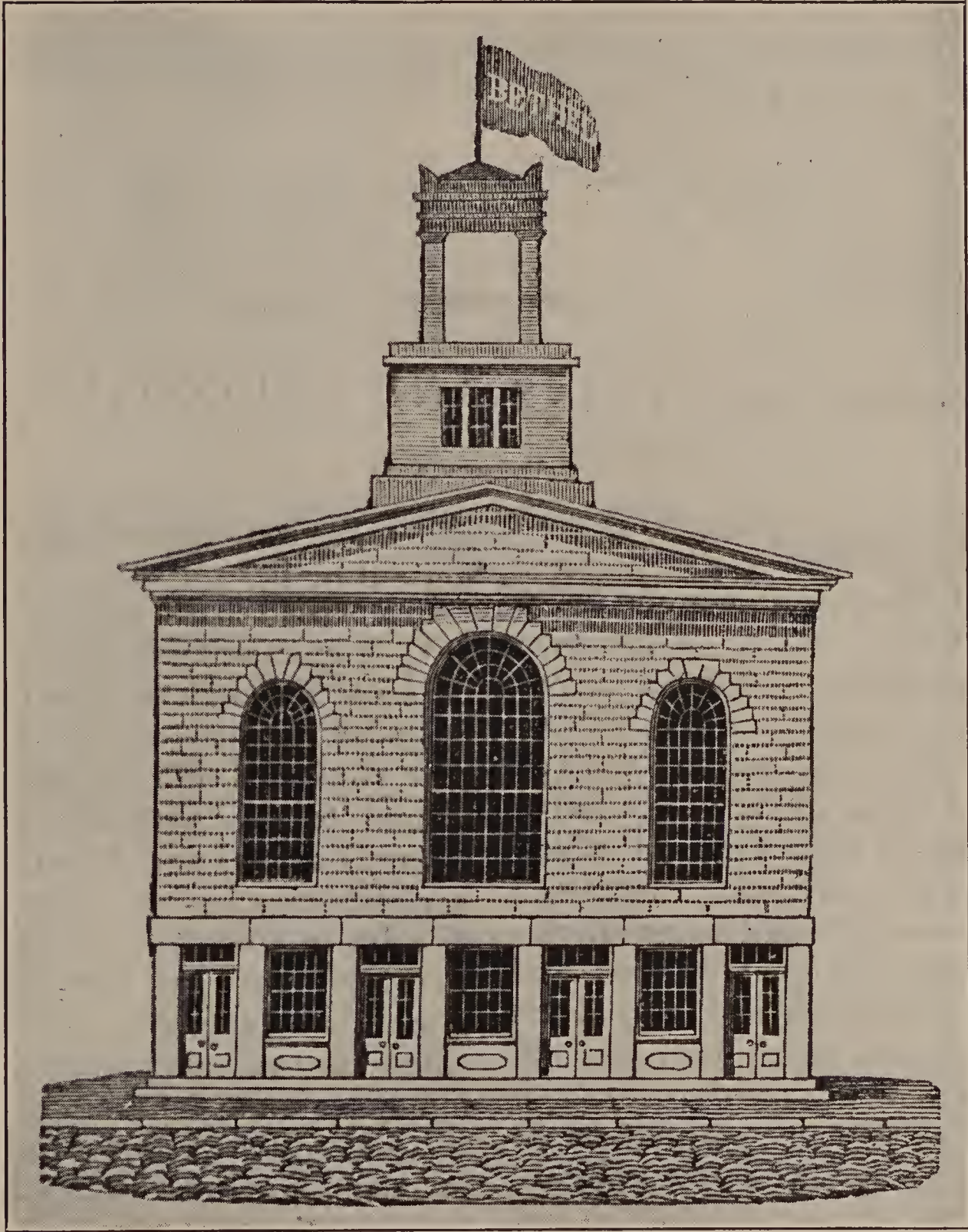
Then this organization celebrated its ninety-fifth anniversary in 1922, and again the history was brought up to date, with quotations from remarks that had been previously directed at audiences gathered in anniversary services. And then still again, within a year or two, a splendid historical address has been given, culling the flowers from these earlier résumés. So really all that is left for the modern historian to do, the historian tonight, is simply to give an account of the last year or two.

But that surely would not be adequate to the situation; and while I do not intend to give you the history of one hundred years, or even to talk tonight at such length that you will think a hundred years has passed before the next speaker is given his place on the platform, I do want to make certain observations from this interesting history which will give just a little bit of atmosphere — make us feel the ship lurching somewhat and rolling underneath

us, and put us in a very wholesome frame of mind to go on under the direction of our master mariner who is our really distinguished guest here tonight. I am merely a harbor master on this program; I am supposed to locate the port and to chart the seas and then give clearance papers to Dean Brown to sail the Seven Seas and back again as he may please.

A hundred years of anything will always prove an interesting study. There will be significant things, no matter what phase of human life or activity we survey. Sometimes it seems as though all the interesting things in the world have happened in the last one hundred years, or even in the last fifty years or the last twenty-five years. A hundred years of farming would be very interesting for a subject of study. A hundred years of industry would surprise a great many of us with its story of invention and improvement. And surely a hundred years of travel on the land would have as much romance in it as a hundred years of the history of the sea. It has been a great century, — the century that lies just behind us, — and for more reasons than one that century seems to have brought us up to the threshold of a new epoch. We find ourselves feeling that to a certain extent we have grown up; we have gotten our body developed, our muscles hardened; and now the thing that challenges us is to get into action that moral restraint, that spiritual control which will harness, organize and devote to high ends all that has been achieved in the hundred years just behind us.

I presume many of you here are very familiar with the sea. It is not so with the general audience, in these days, for the sea — and its interests, its fascinations — has been growing more and more remote with the passage of the last fifty years. Here in Boston I find that there are people who know what an east wind is and know that at some time or other it has had some connection with the sea. Generally it seems as though the sea were full of icebergs that had



MARINER'S CHURCH

Built in 1829. Destroyed by fire in 1852.

Was situated on the eastern declivity of Fort Hill, fronting the harbor. It was one of the first objects that met the eye of the sailor when entering the port. The edifice was of brick, sixty feet in length, and forty-six in breadth, with a turret about fifty feet in height from the ground, terminating in a mast and flag-staff about twenty feet higher.

given birth to the east wind that blows through Boston. But I know people to whom the coast line merely suggests a series of Coney Islands and Revere Beaches, or excursions to such pleasure gardens as one may find at Nantasket. The old gray rocks, the surge of the sea that sounds like the continuance of an ageless dirge, spell nothing to them. They have no connections with it. They do not know just where the story of the sea really fits into and backs up the living of the present day.

Yet a great many of us, when summer comes, wend our way fairly frequently up the coast line of New England; it may be from New Bedford to Wareham into Newburyport, then on to Portsmouth; still on to Portland and beyond, to some of the towns that made history in the days when shipping in America was at its height. We recall, as we take our ways through the meandering main streets of those towns and cities, the great square, spacious residences that line those streets, — the residences of the old-time seafaring men who seem, in the houses they built on land, to bear certain witness to the cramped quarters which they knew in their voyages at sea. So many of these interesting houses have, up above the third story, the little cupola which suggests the outlook, where perhaps the owner of a number of ships could resort with his glass to look down the familiar harbor and see his boats going out, and again to see his boats coming in.

They were different days, a hundred years ago, in the relationship between New England and the sea, from the days in which we live. Boys from the best families went to sea. They were picked out to go to sea. Who ever today hears of a boy tempted to run away to sea? That romantic temptation has pretty largely disappeared and I am not sure that the succeeding temptations — for there have been plenty to take the place of the old — are really quite so attractive and interesting as the old restlessness and inclination which made many a boy steal out of the ancestral house and find his way to some nearby port and embark in some little craft before the morning light; thus beginning his career on the broad, broad ocean.

Alpheus Hardy, whose name is one of the great names in the history of this organization, remarked on one occasion that he recalled going to sea in a vessel all of whose crew were Chatham boys. All the boys came from one town. They were in the familiar neighborhood. It was so much a common business as that, so much of a main enterprise as that significant incident tells us. Now we do not know the men who go to sea.

It was my privilege at the beginning of my ministry to spend two summers on Little Deer Isle, off the coast of Maine, endeavoring to learn some things and practise a few things among the seafaring folk of that island. I suppose seafaring interest and enterprise lingered there longer than in most places, because it is a tiny little isle all surrounded by the sea; no chance for a railroad or a factory; never out of the sound of the bell-buoy; never altogether away from the music of the surging tides against the shoals and the cliffs. Why, even in this town, back in 1903 and 1904, Little Deer Isle and Deer Isle were furnishing practically the whole crews for Thomas Lawson's yachts and for other of the speedy ships that were contending for supremacy on the seas in the fast races! If a boy was any good at all it was still counted a matter of fortune that he might have a career at sea.

In that New England village I came across the origin of a word that is not much used in our own familiar conversation — the chief word of praise. To say that a boy was a "smart" boy was saying the best thing that could be said of him. To say that a minister was smart was hardly to be expected; that were praise too high. Now and then in those little seacoast towns they would get a school teacher who might win the title of being smart; and when you added to it "spry and smart," why, that was like a diploma, a certificate of graduation from the college of life's experience! A boy who was both spry and smart was fitted for a career — what career? A career at sea, of course. And I can still think of those nimble boys, so agile, so self-reliant in certain situations; weather-beaten so that it seemed that they inherited their tanned skins from their fathers and their grandfathers, embarking early and sometimes returning, at twenty-one or twenty-two, captains of their little coastwise craft, proud of their command and their independence.

Most of the interests in that little village, which I suppose were reminiscent of the interests in a great many New England villages fifty and seventy-five years ago, gathered about the embarking of a little ship and the coming back of that little ship. In many villages along the coast where I labored in 1923 and 1924, there were tragic remembrances of the great September storm of 1898 when so many boys perished in the sea. The sailor has a strange helplessness. Many and many a time I have gone up the little slopes to the cemeteries on islands off the Maine coast and have been astonished to find on many a gravestone, "John So-and-So," "James So-and-So," "Drowned at sea," "Drowned at sea." And here is the pity of it, — that the sailor who gives his life to work upon the seas so rarely can swim. When he falls into the water he is a victim of those same surging waves over which he is so easily a master when he has a bark beneath his feet. Well, that is symbolic of the sailor's helplessness on a great many sides of his nature. He knows his business; he is equal to all its emergencies. He can race up the shrouds; he can work on the chains, he can swab a deck; do everything that his duty calls on him to do. But so often what a child he is, apart from his work, and so easy a victim to those who would victimize him! It is tragedies like that, that have made the service of this organization such a splendid service, benefiting those who are so little on the land that they hardly have time or chance to keep up with the chicanery and the shrewd manipulations of the confidence men and those, far worse, who prey upon Jack Tar when he comes ashore with his purse full of wages for the months at sea.

There is an interesting suggestion in the title of this Society of certain things that have happened in the range of the years. It is a fine title, is it not — the Boston Seaman's Friend Society? Simple, — just as one would expect it to be, to survive for a hundred years of work in connection with the seaman. But this Society was the successor of another organization which was called "The Society for the Moral and Religious Improvement of the Poor." That is the kind of thing they were doing one hundred years ago. This Society for the Moral and Religious Improvement of the Poor was the successor of another Society for the Moral and Religious Instruction of the Seamen. Fancy trying to do business in such an organization today! But that is what they had in a great deal of their religion a hundred years ago — a kind of condescension. The people that were capable, the people that were fortunate, went out in pity to do work for the unfortunate, and they expected a certain subserviency and obeisance on the part of those who were the recipients of their benefaction. A finer democracy has come now, leveling down on one side, leveling up on the other. No Christian today thinks of going out to elevate his fellow man. He may think of going out to be his friend, getting into the same boat with him, sharing anything which he may have which is worth sharing. And that other man, too, knows something of his status. No longer is he content to be "your humble and obedient servant," and to gratefully receive such donations of cast-off things as you may bring; but he will take your friendship, he will take any ministry that you may bring to him when you look him squarely in the eye and offer to be his comrade. Just that little story of the titles of the societies tells a very interesting story of the development of the attitude of these organizations within the hundred years. Why, even the women's society connected with this organization, now called the Woman's Seaman's Friend Society, is successor to the Ladies' Seaman's Friend Society of a hundred years ago. That had to be emphasized, you know, in those other days. But there is something more to our liking in that plain, unadorned term, woman — the Woman's Seaman's Friend Society. And it bears down all along the line to this more Christian disposition that animates groups of people today to meet their brother men on the common level and labor for them and with them rather than to reach down endeavoring to lift them up from some low estate.

Somewhere about 1850, when this organization was having a very hard time, one of the historians of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society relates that he encountered a certain minister in Boston who argued the question of the need of this Society and its special work. "Why," he said, "we might just as well have an organization for the uplift of butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers as for the sailors"; and he had nothing to give in the way of interest to a seaman's friend society.

Now I think it is an arguable point but that we need organizations for the moral uplift of butchers. I am not sure but I might join a society that might call itself the Baker's Friend Society. To suggest that because we have no Butchers' or Bakers' or Candlestick-makers' Friend Society is a real reason why we need no Seaman's Friend Society is arguing from a false premise. Yet, after all, the sailor does stand in a category all his own. For he may be butcher — he often is; he is very likely to be the baker and the candlestick-maker. He must in truth be a Jack-of-all-trades. But then he is a sailor, and that has distinction without any question. There are public servants in the land today whom we call trainmen, and they are very heroic and we do well to think of them and all that we owe to them. But even the appellation of "trainmen" does not linger with us as marking off a certain group of men as this title of the sailor. He is in a class all by himself and we think of him in his uniform. There is a romance about him. He is a symbol, and there is a symbolism in the work that we do for him which is bound to react upon all the other friendly Christian work that may ever be done.

Have you ever tried to teach a geography lesson in your own home to your children by the things that happen to be upon your breakfast table — the salt and the pepper and the coffee and, perhaps, some curious breadstuffs, and ornaments here and there — and tried to picture the lines reaching out from that simple little family ceremony to the very ends of the earth? All of those lines suggest the sailor plying his trade. And all of those lines in a very peculiar way are real lines; they are cords, they are cables which bind the man of honor to the man who serves him.

I think it was Professor James who once wrote that a man of honor will not be able to eat a piece of meat without a thought of the suffering animal the fruits of whose growth are offered upon his table to give him nourishment for his body. Well, it is part of our better social conscience today that we do not burn our coal and clothe ourselves with wool and enrich our homes with various things that make for comfort and for beauty, without a thought of those hard-working servants of mankind who have made possible such gathering of the fruits of the earth. Sometimes I am made very humble as I realize all the things which I need which I could not make, all the things which I need which I could not do. I could not build a house, I could not paint a picture, I could not make the glass needed for my windows. All these things by which I live, on which I depend, by which we all live and on which we all depend, that we would be helpless to procure or produce for ourselves — well, perhaps not now so much as once, but still to a very large extent, the sailor, who plies his trade in different ships now than he embarked in a hundred years ago, brings to us. I am sure we like to remember his heroism and his service and feel that somewhere in the varied outreach of our Christian sympathies there is one particular hand directed to him. It satisfies something in us; God grant that it may do him some good!

I do not know as the sailor is more heroic than any other man. He has been an heroic citizen in the years of the century past, ready to blossom into splendid service at any moment when his country has called him. In a story I read the other day relating to the Spanish War there was an account of an admiral on the flagship of the American fleet somewhere about Cuba, who was interested in the morale of his crew. He made up his mind while they were in action that he would visit the various parts of his ship and see how they were standing up. He found the gunners at their posts, stripped to the waist, working with all their might, bearing it very well. They were on the firing line; they could see what they were doing; they could trace the projectile through the air and see whether a hit had been missed or registered. Finally he said he would see how it was with the men down below, stoking the furnaces — the men down there in the heat and the grime; the men in the greatest danger. No sound of the guns could come to them, no romance at all about their work, and they knew they would be drowned like rats if the ship received a fatal wound. He took his way down to the stoking room. He could scarcely endure the suffocating heat he found there. He took his station by some black, grimy giant who was filling his scoop with coal and thrusting it in onto the fire, and with every scoopful he threw



Built in 1852. Sold in 1873.

in, he muttered between his teeth, "Take that, you blackguard!"— then another scoop of coal, "Take that, you blackguard!" And the admiral knew that the stoker was not talking to the furnace — though furnaces sometimes influence us that way — he knew that man in imagination was up on the deck and his scoop of coal was the projectile he was delivering against the enemy. The stoker down there in the dark hole had imagination enough to link what he was doing up to the whole work of the fleet. No question about the morale of men like that. And so many sailors have it.

And finally, when I think of the classifications of persons especially committed to us as Christians through the years in the teaching of Jesus, I am not surprised that we do not find a particular classification for the sailor. There was no sea in the experience of the Jewish peasant. There was no romance of the wide oceans in the life of the Hebrew. We do find that Jesus especially committed to the care of His people the hungry and the naked and the sick and those in prison, and identified himself with these needy, destitute men and women. But one designation, I think, does cover the sailor at the point where we meet him — "I was a stranger"; "I was a stranger." Jesus knew what he was talking about. He knew what it was to be a stranger in a community where he had neither neighbors nor friends. And perhaps the most significant thing that the sailor does for us as he plies his trade is to accept banishment from home for the most part. He is a tramp. He cannot help being a tramp. He is a homeless man. And if we can catch him in those few hours when he is back again upon the land where all the homes are, and all the churches are, and all the places of amusement are; where most of the delights and comforts of life are to be found, and be truly the sailor's friend,— may we not also think that we are fulfilling an injunction laid upon the disciples of Christ twenty centuries ago, doing it not only to the man in the sailor's suit but unto Him!

PRESIDENT DANFORTH. Some years ago, when Secretary Farren of our Society was choosing his ancestors, he went down to New Haven, Conn., where the Quinnipiac River winds its silvery way from East Rock to Long Island Sound and chose them there. He has been instrumental in making about 13 per cent of the history of our Seaman's Friend Society, but he will tell us at this point not only regarding that 13 per cent but of the other 87 per cent, too. Secretary Farren.

HISTORICAL STATEMENT BY SECRETARY MERRITT A. FARREN.

WE are met here tonight in recognition of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society's one hundred years of unbroken service to the men of the sea. On the thirteenth day of December, 1827, a group of ministers and laymen met together in Dr. Lyman Beecher's Church, which stood on the corner of Hanover and Washington streets, and organized this Society.

The founders of this Society were men of broad sympathies and far-reaching vision. They were interested in maritime concerns, and knew something of the sailors' hardships and deprivations, their perils and oftentimes shipwrecks and frequent deaths. Before Alan Seegar wrote his "Rendezvous with Death," ages before that, the merchant sailor had been keeping that same rendezvous. These men who came together on that memorable day to form this organization knew also that in every God's acre beside the old white meetinghouses along the Atlantic seaboard there were stones on which were lovingly engraved the names of father, husband, son or brother, coupled with those tragic words, "Lost at sea." They knew, too, of the abnormal lives of the sailor men,— lonely lives, lives lived for the most part away from kindred and loved ones, and how they yearned on shipboard for an opportunity to get ashore and seek some outlet for their long-pent-up energies and emotions. Before they reached the shore, on the wharves were the harpies and runners from the various unsavory boarding-houses, saloons and brothels, waiting to solicit the sailor's patronage.

These philanthropically disposed founders visualized the entire situation. They realized that society owed much to the sailor, as the indispensable man, the man the world cannot get on without. So they said, "Let us have a Bethel for these sailor men so that when they come into port with their pent-up energies and appetites, which they are bound to release either legitimately or illegitimately, they may find proper releasement of them, both for their own good and that of our community." For such humane and Christian purposes this Society came into being.

Through all these years this Society has been ministering to the physical, social and religious needs of the men of the sea. How many millions of these seafaring men who have come into the port of Boston or have sailed through Vineyard Sound have been helped by this Society during the past one hundred years no man can approximate. The number, surely, is very great.

It may be of interest to know who were the founders of this Society. We cannot characterize them as individuals, as time forbids; but we can read the honor roll of their names: William Ropes, *President*; Tobias Lord, *Vice-President*; William Worthington, *Treasurer*; Norman Seaver, *Secretary*. *Managers*: William Reynolds, George G. Jones, Andrew Bradshaw, Francis Watts, Charles Scudder, Ebenezer G. Parker, William B. Reynolds, Newton Willey, Israel Decker, George Clark, Joseph Ballister, Benjamin Howard.

Those are good old New England names. These men were honored citizens of their time, and such has been the case with their successors in office.

Among those who served the Society in an official capacity were the following:

Mr. Alpheus Hardy was president of this Society for twenty-one years, 1849 to 1870. He was identified prominently with the church in which we are meeting tonight, and one of Boston's most successful and respected merchants.

Mr. Joseph Tyler, also of the Old South Church, was an important figure in the maritime world; he was in the Mediterranean trade. Mr. Tyler served as the Society's chief executive for sixteen years, 1873 to 1889.

Dr. Alexander McKenzie, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Cambridge, was twenty-four years president of the Society, 1890 to 1914.

Mr. Samuel Usher served the Society faithfully for a period of seven years as president, and has been director for thirty-two years, 1895 to 1927.

Mr. Franklin P. Shumway, a former president and the present Chairman of our Executive Committee, has served as a director for thirty-nine years, 1888 to 1927.

It may not be inappropriate at this point to name also some of the chaplains: the Rev. Daniel Lord, who served the Society for thirteen years, 1834 to 1847.

The Rev. Elijah Kellogg, who for many years was pastor of the Congregational Church at Harpswell, Maine, and did so much all through his life for seamen, served us as chaplain for ten years, 1855-1865. A generation or two ago Mr. Kellogg was well and favorably known as the author of the "Elm Island" and "Whispering Pine" series of entertaining and helpful books for boys.

Captain Sylvester Nickerson served for twenty-one years, 1882-1903. Chaplain Nickerson was an interesting and original character who did a splendid work for the men of the sea.

Captain Madison Edwards, who passed away in August, 1926, was our sole chaplain at Vineyard Haven for thirty-eight years. Mr. Edwards was a quiet, helpful, friendly man who drew sailors to him and held them fast for life. His unselfish devotion to their interests enabled him to influence for righteousness a great host of the toilers of the deep.

The honored names of the corresponding secretaries of the Society should also be recorded. The Rev. Stedman W. Hanks, lovingly called "Father" Hanks, was a man well and favorably known throughout New England by the older generation by his illustrated temperance lecture, with charts, entitled "The Black Valley Railroad." He ably filled the position for thirty-seven years.

Mr. Barna S. Snow, who served as a member of the Board of Managers for many years, was one of the dearest and most lovable of saints this world ever knew. For the last thirteen years

of his life he served faithfully as corresponding secretary of the Society. He was followed by the Rev. Cyrus P. Osborne, one of God's noblemen, who also served for thirteen years.

Mention should also be made of the long and faithful service of Mr. Charles F. Stratton, who served as recording secretary of the Society for thirty-eight years, 1884 to 1922, and has been its treasurer for twenty-one years, 1906 to 1927. Mr. Stratton has been a director for forty-three years. This is the longest period of service of any officer in the history of this organization. Mr. John Gordon of the Old South Church has been a director for thirteen years. Other members of the present Board have served for lesser periods.

With you I pay my tribute to these loyal and devoted men, and those associated with them, who through the years have given generously of their time, strength and money to promote the well-being of the mariner through this Christian agency.

Of the Society's present staff of workers who, for faithful service rendered, should be named at this time, are: Mr. Austin R. Tower, Chaplain at Vineyard Haven, who for twenty-six years was Captain Edwards' assistant. His present length of service is twenty-eight years. Our lady missionary at the Sailor's Rest, Mrs. Eleanor May Roulston, fourteen years ago succeeded as "Sailor Mother" the late Miss Mary E. Frink of blessed memory, who for nineteen years gave herself unsparingly to the needs of the sailor lads who came to 287 Hanover Street. Mrs. Roulston was a volunteer worker of the Society for thirteen years. This makes Mrs. Roulston's connection with the Society twenty-seven years. Mr. Richard Smith has been our faithful janitor and devoted worker for twenty-six years. Besides keeping our place scrupulously clean, Mr. Smith has for many years taken it upon himself to care for the graves of friendless sailors in Woodlawn Cemetery, Everett. May this breed of Smiths never run out!

Thirty-one years ago Dr. Alexander McKenzie, recognizing a serious lack in our Society, called together a group of ladies from the churches of Greater Boston and organized the Woman's Seaman's Friend Society. This body of earnest Christian women became a large and influential group who through the years have interested the womenfolk in our churches to work for seamen. Large numbers of women are constantly knitting helmets, mufflers, wristers, mittens and stockings for Jack's comfort during the cold and stormy months of the year.

Hundreds of comfort bags are made and filled each year for distribution at Boston and Vineyard Haven; at the Marine Hospital, Chelsea, the Woman's Society maintains a hut for seamen, which is in charge of a very capable, sympathetic woman, who does many things for the sick and injured sailor lads. For many years monthly entertainments have been provided by the ladies for the men who come to the Sailor's Rest.

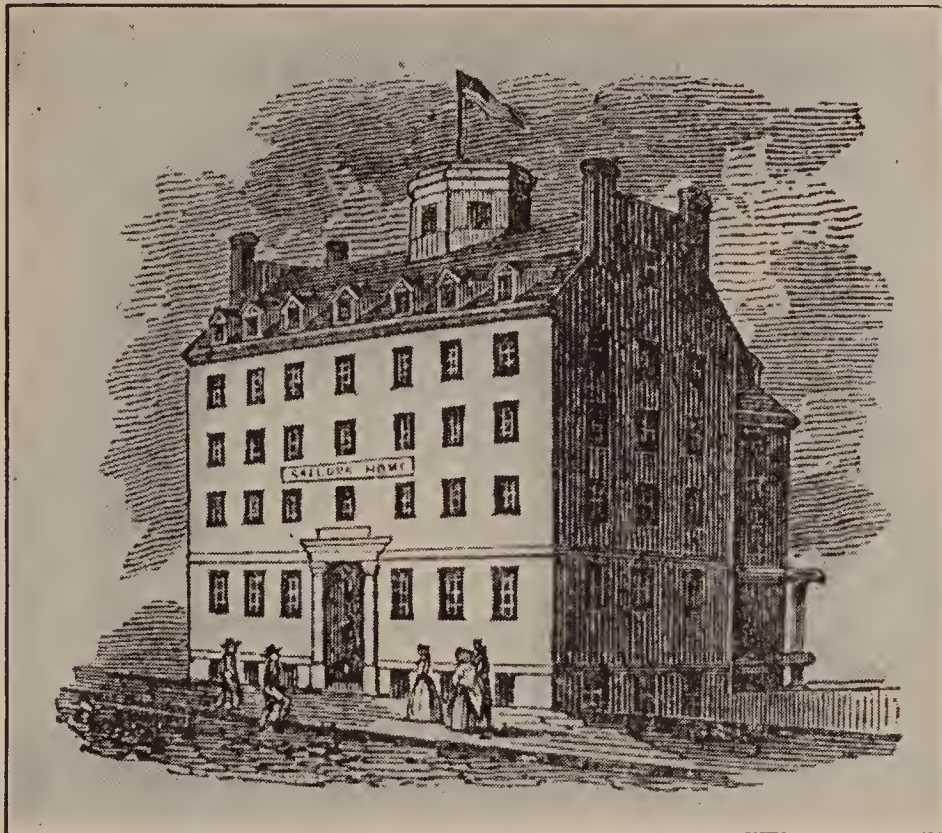
Two of the most devoted workers of the Woman's Seaman's Friend Society, who have passed to their reward, were Mrs. Frank O. Whitney and Mrs. Walter Ela, both of whom served as early presidents of the organization. They were whole-hearted in their interest in welfare work for seamen. Our two Societies sustained a great loss in the passing of these loyal and faithful women.

The present President of the ladies' organization is Mrs. Franklin P. Shumway, who has been a director of that Society for twenty-four years.

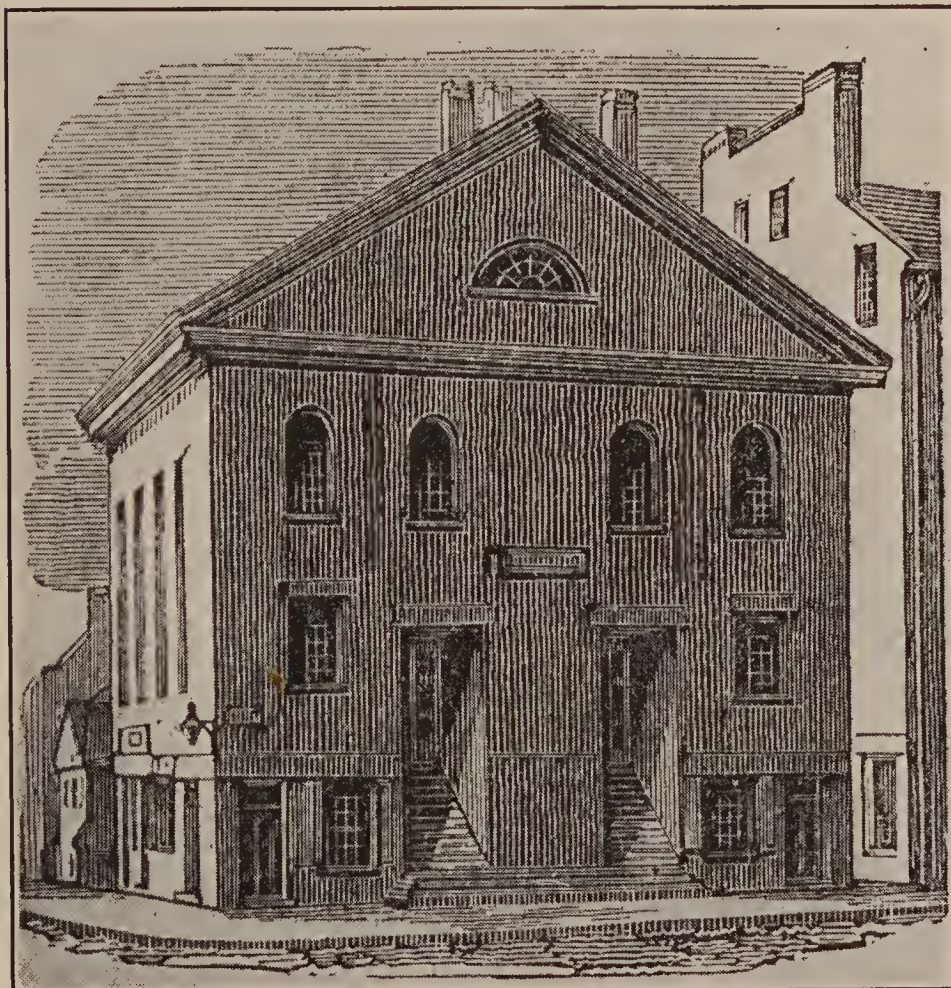
Our Society is indeed fortunate in having the Woman's Seaman's Friend Society, with its 800 members, as our helpful ally.

In closing this statement, the speaker desires to express his deepening conviction as to the worth-whileness of the work which the Society is doing for the storm-tossed and lonely mariner. Ministering to the needs of these men — who know many deprivations and hardships and who face temptations of an insidious and alluring sort in rendering to the world an indispensable service — is the rare privilege of the officers and workers of this sailor institution.

The son of the late Albert, fourth Earl Grey, has paid a very significant tribute to his father's memory in these words, — "He lit many fires in cold rooms." Can it not be just as truly said of those whose labors we cherish, that Elijah Kellogg and Father Hanks, Alpheus Hardy and Dr. McKenzie, Barna Snow and Madison Edwards, Mrs. Walter Ela and Miss Frink lit many



SAILOR'S HOME
Built in 1845. Destroyed by fire in 1852.



MARINER'S CHURCH
Corner of Summer and Sea Streets.
Purchased from the First Christian Church in 1853 and
occupied until removal to Salem Street.

fires in cold and lonely sailor hearts? May we, the friends and workers of this time-honored institution, prove as faithful to our trust as were those whose responsibilities we have inherited and to whom this day we pay our grateful tribute.

PRESIDENT DANFORTH announced as the next number on the program the solo, "The Lar-board Watch," which was then sung by Mr. Arnold.

PRESIDENT DANFORTH. Dean Charles R. Brown needs no introduction anywhere.

ADDRESS OF REV. CHARLES R. BROWN, D.D.,

Dean of the Divinity School of Yale University.

BEFORE we came into the pulpit tonight I was solemnly reminded, not by the presiding officer but by a representative of the Society, that pious people in Boston are not accustomed to stay out after nine o'clock at night except on two or three rare occasions during the year when they attend the theatre or the grand opera; and that when nine o'clock comes the people who live in West Newton or Melrose Highlands or South Billerica feel that they must be catching the last train and that it is high time for them to be on their way. When I see that the clock has already reached a quarter-past nine I realize that I must be brief.

It is a great thing to have lived a hundred years. I have not achieved that as yet, but I am on the way. I am very much nearer that goal than I was when I first came to Boston, forty-one years ago, as a boy in school. I did not come over in the *Mayflower*, but I came just as soon after that as I could get here. And because I came to Boston a long time ago I have some very happy personal recollections of men who in earlier days were connected with the splendid work of this Boston Seaman's Friend Society.

How well I remember Captain Nickerson, for many years your chaplain! His genial manner, his great, warm, sympathetic heart, his sense of humor which enabled him to get next to many a seaman! He used to attend the meetings of the Suffolk North Association of which I was a member, and when supper was announced he was usually the first on his feet. He would turn around to the rest of us and say with a broad smile, "I am always on deck at seven bells."

I remember very well Dr. Alexander McKenzie, for nearly forty years pastor of the First Church of Cambridge, for nearly a quarter of a century the president of this Society. He came naturally by his interest in sailors. His father was a sea captain; his mother was the daughter of a sailor and he was born himself beside the sea and never felt quite at home when he got away from the salt smell of it. He almost never preached a sermon without introducing somewhere an illustration taken from a ship or a sailor or the sea.

How well I remember a story he used to tell! He was just a boy and his father's ship was returning from a three-year voyage. It had been sighted out of Boston harbor and one of the customs officers who knew the boy gave him permission to go down in the boat and meet his father's ship. When they drew alongside he saw his father standing on deck giving orders to his crew, and the boy took off his cap and waved it. The father saw him. He had not seen him for three years. The three years had added a cubit or more to the boy's stature. But the captain recognized him at once and the boy heard him cry, "Throw a rope to my boy," and a moment later the boy was on deck and in his father's arms. Dr. McKenzie said that word had been to him in the years ever since oftentimes like a word from his Father in heaven, seeking to help some other boy into closer fellowship with Himself. He had taken that word into his heart and had gotten inspiration from it,— "Throw a rope to my boy."

I remember Barna Snow, one of the most saintly, lovable men. When I was pastor of Winthrop Church in Charlestown he came over and talked to us about the work of the Seaman's Friend Society. He told stories of the sea and thrilling incidents in the lives of sailors, and the

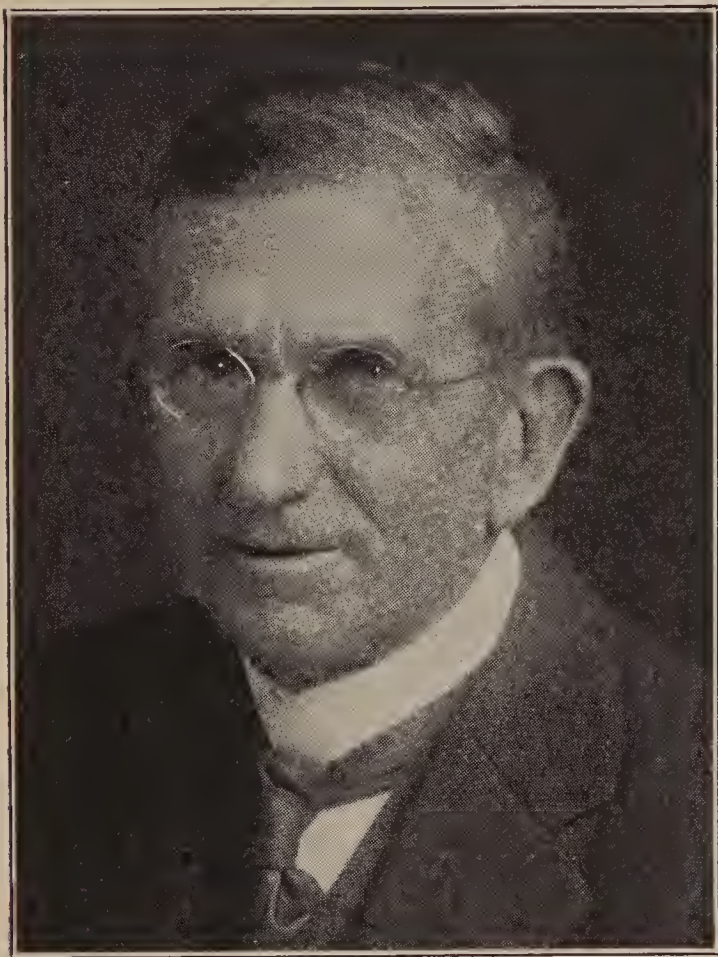
boys and girls sat there with their mouths open back to their ears, taking in his vivid pictures of the seaman's life. The fathers and mothers also listened with absorbing interest. His address made a dent on me which remains to this day as an inspiration.

While I was at Winthrop Church, Captain Jack Philip was in charge of the Charlestown Navy Yard. He was a member of our church and he was always there on deck, rain or shine, no matter which way the wind blew; no matter whether the sea was rough or smooth, he was offering his worship to God and joining with his fellow Christians in seeking to make that church more effective.

You may remember that he was in command of the *Texas* at the battle of Santiago de Cuba. When the battle had been won and some of the Spanish ships were sinking, his men began to

cheer. Captain Philip came on deck and said to them in gentle tones, "Don't cheer boys; the poor chaps are dying." And then he piped all hands on deck and when they were gathered together, he said, "I believe Almighty God has been with us here this day and I want you all to uncover and join with me in giving thanks to Him." It was characteristic of Jack Philip. He was a sailor man and a man who adorned his profession of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

How many of those men who "go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters," not only see the wonders of the deep — they have also a great sense of the nearness and the helpfulness of God. They live in the great wide-open spaces, not at the bottom of these little narrow canyons where many of us prowl around and see nothing but tall stone buildings and paved streets. They live out under the open sky and on the face of the waters where their eyes can range off as far as the horizon; where they can look up and see nothing nearer than the stars and the being of God! We are not surprised, therefore, that the sailor man is a man of faith.



REV. CHARLES R. BROWN, D.D.

He is away from home, exposed to peculiar temptations. He has many hours of loneliness. He is oftentimes surrounded by strangers whose ways and words he does not understand. He lives face to face with hardship and danger. He has to endure all kinds of weather. He is out there to accept all this on our behalf. We can readily understand that somehow there develops in his life, as a rule, the sense of dependence upon a Power higher than himself and he responds readily to religious appeal.

The Boston Seaman's Friend Society endeavors to combine two things: a human, kindly homely ministry to the bodies and to the minds and to the social natures of men, together with a spiritual ministry to their inmost souls. It builds a house of mercy down on Hanover Street which furnishes warmth and comfort and friendliness and a chance for Jack to come in and smoke his pipe in peace if he chooses. It provides comfort bags which go into the dunnage bags, in which the sailor carries his belongings to the ends of the earth. It goes into the forecandle of the ship and there gives useful expression to its kindly interest in sailor men.

Wherever the sailor goes the whole man goes; body, brain and soul. Those men have bodies to be clothed and housed and sheltered. They have social natures also which demand recreation and companionship. All that this splendid Society undertakes to provide. But it does not forget also that those men are made potentially in the likeness and image of God; they have souls which worship, souls to be permeated by the spirit of our Lord and Master; and it is for this

Society so to speak to them through its religious services that it may be a ministry to the entire man. How splendidly oftentimes they make their response in gratitude, in appreciation and in the dedication of their lives to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ!

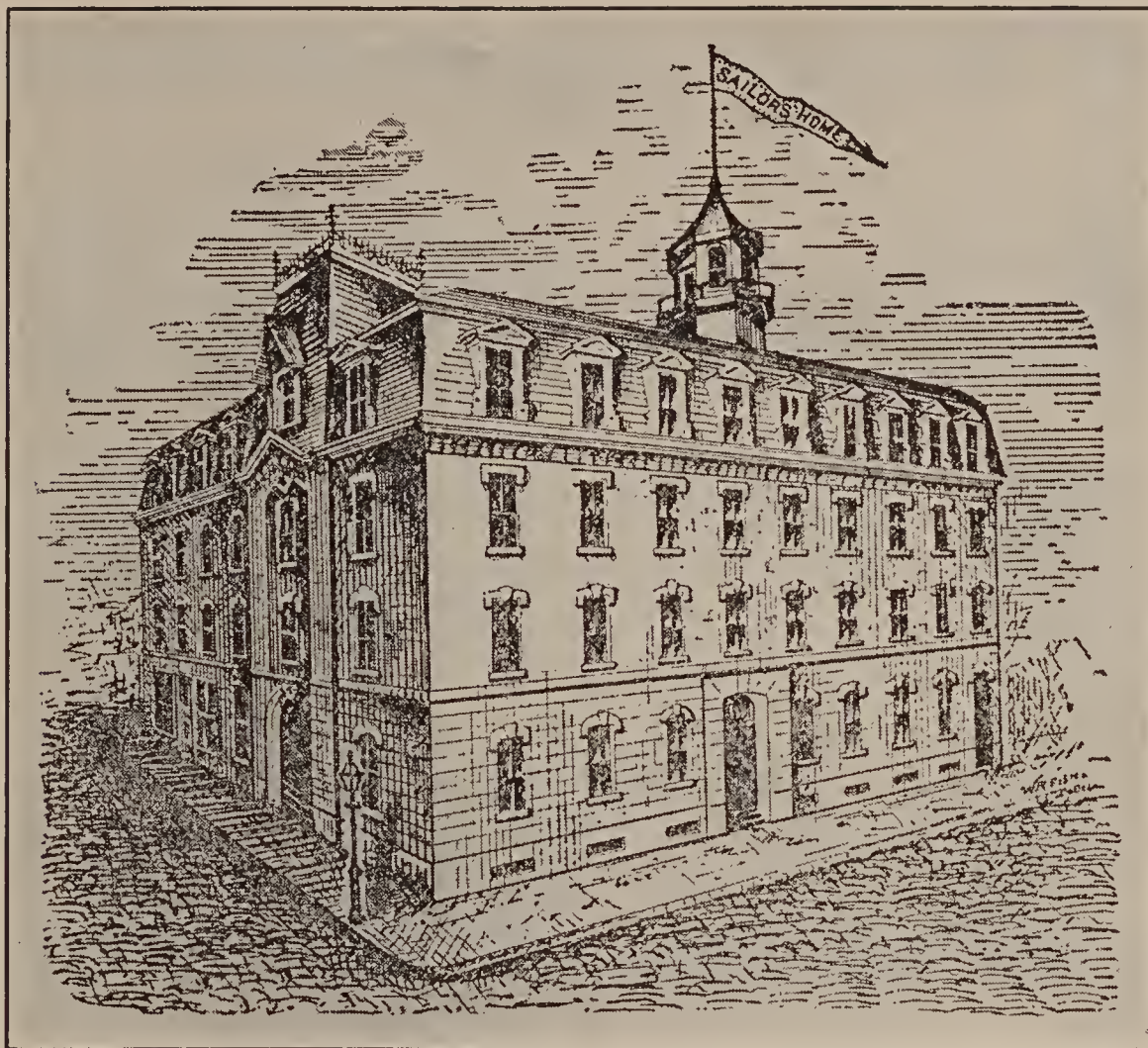
Whenever we talk about work for sailors in Boston we think inevitably of Father Taylor of the Boston Port Society in the North End. When I first came to Boston, one of my early pilgrimages was to the Old North Church and Faneuil Hall and the old Seaman's Bethel. Father Taylor had a warm heart that went out in every direction with sympathy and service. In those days they used to have certain tests to determine whether or not they could baptize a baby. Father Taylor was once asked if he would baptize a baby who was the child of parents who were not Christians. He replied, "Of course I would! If the old devil himself brought me a baby to baptize, I would baptize it and then I would say, 'Devil, take yourself off and go where you belong! Here, angels, take the baby!'"

When word was brought to Father Taylor that a ship, on which a number of his own men were serving, had gone down with all hands aboard, he thought at once of one of those men who was married. The woman was living not far from the Sailor's Bethel, and straightway Father Taylor went to her humble home to break the news. After he had gone in and talked with the woman about it and had spoken of his love for Jack which was like her own love for him, he finally said, "Let us pray together." They knelt down, Father Taylor and the sorrowing wife! And the first words which came from his lips were, "O Lord, we are a widow!" You cannot parse that sentence — it is not good grammar — but the whole language of human sympathy and divine comfort is there contained. It was symbolical of the way in which that man took upon his heart the sorrows and the temptations of others and bore them vicariously that he might minister to those sailor men who came into the North End of this city.

And how those men respond! What splendid heroism they show again and again upon the sea! How wonderfully they stand up, taking it by and large, often without giving a thought to their own lives! How marvelously a certain noble tradition fortifies a man or a whole race of men in some time of crisis! You will remember that when the *Titanic*, the newest, largest and finest of all the ships of the White Star fleet, was making its initial voyage across the Atlantic, it struck an iceberg, and a long, ugly gash was torn in the steel-clad side of that ship. From that moment the ship was doomed. When the captain realized the extent of the injury, he knew that it would be only a short time before she would go to the bottom. He stood on the quarter-deck giving orders to the crew to put the women and children in the lifeboats and lower them to the water.

Every sailor's own life became infinitely precious to him in that hour. He thought of his own loved ones away yonder on the land and wondered whether he would ever see them again. There have been crews at times like that who have taken to the boats themselves and have thrust the passengers aside, leaving the women and children to their fate. The captain of the *Titanic*, standing on deck in the midst of that confusion, shouted through his megaphone, "Be British, men! Be British!" And the long, noble tradition of that seafaring nation which has reared an empire for itself, steadied and strengthened every man in the performance of his duty. The uniform testimony of the survivors was that the discipline on the *Titanic* was simply perfect. Those sailors put the women and children into the lifeboats and then they went down with their ship, as sailors usually do.

You can understand, therefore, how strong is the appeal to the hearts of humane men and women everywhere when we are asked to do something on behalf of the man who goes down to the sea in ships. I remember once being at sea, away out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. We were nearly two thousand miles from land. It was a Japanese ship, the *Chio Maru* of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha line. The captain and the purser, the doctor and the barber were men of our own race, but all the other officers were Japanese and the whole crew was made up of Japanese. One day a Japanese passenger in the steerage died and the captain, at whose table I sat, asked me to be at the funeral service the next morning. The man had no friends aboard and they



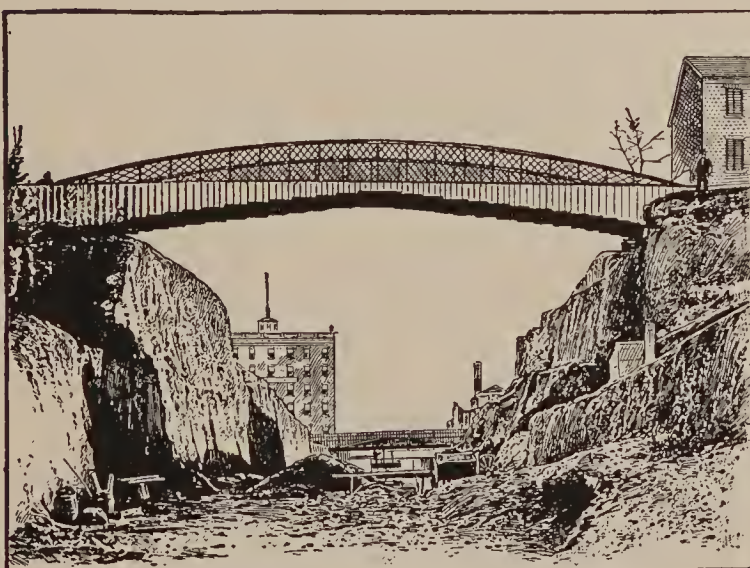
SAILOR AND MARINER'S CHURCH AND SAILOR'S HOME
Corner Salem and North Bennet Streets.

≡FORT * HILL≡

1867.

BOSTON, MASS.

1892.



HIGH STREET BRIDGE, OVER OLIVER.



HIGH STREET, COR. OLIVER.

THEN * AND * NOW.

decided to bury him at sea. He was to be buried from the deck the next morning at sunrise. I thought about the appropriate scripture for a service like that. When you are two thousand miles from land you do not say, "We therefore commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." And as I thought about that man whom we were to commit to the waves at a place where the ocean, the captain said, was a mile and a half deep, the words of the one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm came to me:

"O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known.
Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising and art acquainted with all my ways.
Thou understandest my thought afar off.
Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.
If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

When we gathered there on deck that morning just at sunrise, the body, shrouded, and heavily shotted, was cast overboard to sink for a mile and more to the bottom of the sea, and those words came from my lips and from my heart —

"If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

The Master himself was deeply interested in those men who spend their days and their nights on the water. There was a certain time when Peter and six other men had been out all night on the Sea of Galilee fishing. They were cold and hungry and cross. The wind blows chill across the Sea of Galilee in the early spring and this was at Eastertime. Men who have been out fishing all night are always hungry. And any man who has fished all night without catching anything — "and that night they caught nothing" — is cross. They were cold and hungry and cross.

But just at daybreak in the dim, uncertain light, they saw a figure moving on the shore. Presently a voice called out, "Have you caught anything?" As we say, "What luck?" They answered him, "No." Then the voice said, "Cast your net on the right side of the boat." They were fishing in the wrong place, fishing out of the wrong side of the boat. Now when they cast their net under his eye and at his word, they made a wonderful catch; they could scarcely draw their net for the multitude of fishes.

Some of those men recognized that voice and they looked at one another and said, "It is the Lord!" It was the Lord. He knew where to fish and how to fish. And when they drew their net to land and came ashore they found a fire kindled with bread toasting and fish broiling on the coals for their breakfast. He had taken thought for their physical comfort. When they had eaten and were warmed and cheered again, he began to ask them, man by man, "Lovest thou me?" "Lovest thou me?" Of course they loved Him, and He who knew all things knew that they loved Him.

Now the order of that ministry was very much like the splendid work undertaken by the Boston Seaman's Friend Society,— places of warmth, friendliness and cheer; something to eat, something to wear, something to promote the physical welfare; something for the social needs! And then the question, "Do you love Him? Do you desire to have Him also in your life?" And so this Society combines a spiritual ministry with that humane service that has been characteristic of its activities for the last hundred years.

I lived for fifteen years of my life beside the Golden Gate, away yonder in California. I used to see the great ships coming in through the Golden Gate to the Bay of San Francisco. They came from the South, from Melbourne and Sydney, from Auckland and Honolulu. They came from the West (which is the East when we reach it) — they came from Hong Kong and Shanghai, from Nagasaki and Yokohama. They came from the frozen ports of the North, from Nome and from Sitka. In through the Golden Gate they came to land their cargoes and their passengers at San Francisco.

When the sailors came ashore there was a horde of harpies — human harpies, male and female — waiting to rob them of their money and of their health, of their manhood and of their immortal souls. I used to ask myself, “Are we doing our duty by those men of the sea when they come ashore? Are we showing ourselves at least as kindly as were those barbarians at Malta when Paul and his friends were shipwrecked and the people made for them a fire and ministered to their comfort?”

We had in San Francisco a Seaman’s Bethel and a godly man was at the head of it. But I had the feeling sometimes that the world and the flesh and the devil in spreading their wares before the eyes of these sailor men had far outrun us in our effort to minister to their higher good.

The best way to serve Him is to serve them. The best way to be brought into closer relations to God is to get into closer relations with men by ministering to human need and rendering service to our fellows who are in some kind of want.

How many people there are in the world who are helping their fellow men, making the world a better place to live in, showing many of the fine fruits of the spirit,— love, joy, peace, patience, gentleness, goodness, and all the rest. They may not have worked it out into a clearcut philosophy. They may seem unaware of the full significance of the life they are living. Many of them will say to Him in that day, “Lord, when saw we Thee hungry and fed Thee, or sick or imprisoned or a stranger and ministered unto Thee?” They had caught the spirit of Christian kindness without realizing the ultimate source of it.

And then, according to the promise, the Judge of all the earth will say to them “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.” By being true to the best they found in their own hearts, placed there by that true Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, they had been brought unconsciously into fellowship with the Lord and Master of all kindness. And these, according to the promise, “shall inherit the Kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world.”

When the great Apostle was an old man, he was writing a letter to a young man. In his letter he used these words, “I have finished my course; I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith. The time of my departure is at hand.” And the word he used for “departure” was a term taken from the sea. He had picked it up somewhere on one of his voyages around the Mediterranean. The word means literally, “The unmooring.” “The time of my unmooring is at hand.”

He thought of himself as an old ship, tied up at the dock, fretting its sides perhaps against the wharf. But there would come a day when the Master of the vessel would give the word and the cables would be thrown off and the ship would sail out on the wide sea on its voyage to the haven beyond. “The time of my unmooring is at hand.”

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho’ from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

PRESIDENT DANFORTH. Let us unite in singing just one stanza of hymn 756.
The following stanza was sung:

Eternal Father! strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bids the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep,
Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

PRAYER BY REV. HENRY H. GUERNSEY, VICE-PRESIDENT.



REV. HENRY H. GUERNSEY.

LET us turn to God in prayer.

O Thou Searcher of all hearts, Thou Director of all right purposes, we thank Thee for the one hundred years of service rendered by this Society. We thank Thee that we today are commemorating the services and the labors, the prayers and the love of those who have gone before and who have sought by their example and by their precepts and by their gifts to minister to the men of the sea. And we pray Thee that we who are connected with that Society today may receive this as a heritage to be carried on into the future; that that heritage may not be dimmed by any act of ours, but that we may be guided now and in the years to come by the light that never was on sea or land in serving those who in peril and loneliness, oftentimes in sin itself, are still carrying on the great work of the world of commerce. Bless us, then, as we come to these concluding moments of this anniversary celebration. May we have a depth of love for this romantic epic of the seas! May we have a kindling purpose for our Lord and Master who Himself called fishermen to follow Him, in ministering to those who in our day and generation are pursuing their activities upon deep waters.

Now may grace, mercy and peace from God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit be and abide with each one of you forevermore. Amen.

BON VOYAGE AND PEACE!

O Friend of seamen bold,
Your Hundred Years ring true;
A gallant story told
Of good to dare and do.

The tides of life flow by,
The tides of the sea flow in;
Retreating tides flow out,—
And sea and men are kin.

The ends of earth do meet,
And East confronts the West;
From every land and every strand
Fares on the motley quest.

Oh, restless is the lot
Of ocean and of men!
But turn of tide brings peace
For a moment now and then.

Your Haven of hope and help
Has breathed the peace of God;
Your Friendliness has sent
The love of man abroad.

Bon Voyage and Peace be yours
Anew, O brave trustee!
Till East and West shall stand
Beside the tideless sea.

— *Arthur B. Patten.*

Centennial Poem for 100th Anniversary of Boston Seaman's Friend Society, Inc., written by the Rev. Arthur B. Patten, pastor of the Centre Congregational Church, Torrington, Conn.

The Parson's Paragraphs,

By Walter Thorpe.

A CENTENARY is a long time to look forward to!

It spans three generations of the life of man but even as the life of an individual is "as a tale that is told" so in the life of history a hundred years has quickly passed.

However, it is not given to every enterprise the opportunity of celebrating a centenary, so when the invitation came to do so I quickly decided to be there, flood and trains permitting.

It was a three-day celebration!

The first and last days were given over to the more formal exercises while the evening of the day in between was devoted to feasting upon a "shore dinner." Certainly this was an appropriate way to recall the influence of men who delighted in shore leave — for they were men of the sea.

A hundred years ago a church stood on the corner of Hanover Street and Washington Street and a few men interested in providing some forms of refuge and recreation organized the Boston Seaman's Friend Society.

Through the years it has persisted in its ministry unto those who go down to the sea in ships.

Within the past year 40,000 men were served in bed or board, evening entertainment and religious gatherings. Convenience and comfort are presented in varied forms of service.

The characteristics of the sailor boy are well known to those who minister to them and every effort is made to provide such surroundings as shall be helpful, wholesome and clean, giving to the wanderer who sails the seven seas the assurance that when in Boston he knows where he can find a home.

About 150 men and women gathered for the banquet. From all parts of New England they had come. The appeal of the right kind of a lobster is well-nigh irresistible.

From way down East where beans are baked in the ground, from the slopes of the Green Mountains where flapjacks are soaked in a syrup unexcelled, from the industrial towns of Rhode Island and Massachusetts where delicatessens multiply and tripe and pigs' feet are sold unabashed, from the hillsides of New Hampshire and the lowlands of Connecticut, they had come in response to the invitation to foregather and feed.

The room had been specially decorated for the occasion.

Walls were hung with flags representing Panama and Haiti, Chile, Cuba, Costa Rica and Argentina, Brazil and Belgium, France, Denmark and Sweden and in the center the

Stars and Stripes with the Union Jack alongside. Particular maritime flags, such as the United Fruit Company's, and the Cunard Line, were also in evidence.

Placed in prominent position was a big floral anchor, containing many flowers, noted for beauty or fragrance. They were the favorite flowers of many seamen who had given their lives for their country, or otherwise sacrificed themselves in the performance of duty.

One part of the evening's exercises was a silent tribute to their memory.

The platform had been arranged as a quarter-deck, with a built-in prow, and a ship's bell; with a painted background of a ship's bridge, it all looked quite nautical.

Not a sign of sea-sickness in sight!

There was a large group of marines and blue-jackets, a naval chaplain and cadets — fine forms of young manhood, reminders of the class of men served by this society.

There seems to be a certain element of preparation for a shore dinner. Some faces look expectant and others seem to glance with determination. In fact, the chairman of the meeting, (it would have seemed quite appropriate to call him "captain") called forth some do-or-die expressions with his invitation:

"Now, eat hearty and give the ship a good name!"

Conversation ran to clams. The best methods of cooking and disposing of the same were discussed until a new form of fish food put in an appearance. This caused a slight lull followed by fresh activity and a slight wonder if there really was much iodine as flavor in the denizens of the deep; but when the lobsters came, borne on big platters by negro waiters, the color effect was all that could be desired!

They were reminders of what a rich red should be!

For these men keep up their daily dozen.

Exalted by epicurean and praised by professional gourmands, the lobster has come down the ages tagged as a delicious dainty. The gastronomic revels of the ancient Romans were incomplete without the lobster. Some kinds of fish were considered as a great dainty and in the annals of Martial it is recorded that a sea barbel weighing but eight pounds sold for eight thousand sesterces. Oysters from the Lucerne Lake were in great demand; snails were fattened in ponds for cooking, while the villas of the rich had the "piscinae" filled with fresh or salt-water fish.

But the lobster has always enjoyed a certain popularity and even when the lobster-pots are not as full as formerly and the scale of prices increases accordingly — still the lobster holds its own.

I confess to a certain bashfulness in the

presence of this crustacean. How best to dispose of it is a subject of wonder if not regret. Acquaintance has been limited and so perforce I watched with interest the varied forms of approach.

Once there flashed through my mind the inevitable quotation adorning Memorial Day speeches, "Put the Vermonters ahead, and close up the ranks." There were only three Vermonters present, but it looked as though each was doing what he could!

Timidly I enquired the reason for wooden pegs driven into the claws and was told of their being preventive measures, to hinder the biting of those who handle them.

To cut down the center and remove a certain vein, and then with shell-cracker and prong, secure the inwards of the animal was simply accessory to the fact.

Perhaps it might not come amiss to describe for some of the younger readers the varied ways in which the ice cream came on. Apart from the ordinary bricks, colored and stuffed with nuts or fruits of which one received quite generous slabs, there were some special designs that captivated the sight as well as the taste. There was a big swan, surrounded with spun sugar that looked all the world like a nest and along the edges egg-shaped portions. It wasn't long before the graceful neck had disappeared and the lovely creature was no more.

Another represented two cooing doves with bills touching, and seeming sentimental in repose. It was not long before form and color had disappeared and the tasty ice was a memory.

There were greetings from President Coolidge, and representatives of Governor Fuller and Mayor Nichols brought personal good wishes. Our own Dr. Nehemiah Boynton gave the principal address, brimful of good humor and replete with common sense.

One thing about a centenary is the fact that you won't attend the next one, so on the general principle of being able to avail yourself of the unusual it's just as well to go when the going is good, and likewise to stop when it's time to quit.

Here endeth the account of a shore dinner!
— *Rutland (Vt.) Daily Herald.*

Centennial of Seaman's Society.

THEY say the first hundred years are the hardest. But the Boston Seaman's Friend Society has found them rich in splendid opportunities splendidly met. No wonder congratulations poured in from every side!

Three successive evenings were devoted to the observance of this notable anniversary. On Sunday, Dec. 4, Dr. A. Z. Conrad preached

a powerful sermon for the Society in Park Street Church, Boston. In spite of falling snow a large audience was present. But the sermon was also broadcast, and no man can number its invisible audience. It was like the work of the Society, going out through all the earth, and baffling all efforts at tabulation.

On Monday evening there was a dinner at the Society's building, 287 Hanover Street, on the pinnacle of which "the bird of dawning" proclaims the advent of a better day, while over the door a great anchor invites men to "hold fast to that which is good."

Guests gathered from all over New England and from the regions beyond. One long table was reserved for uniformed men from the different branches of sea service. The menu was drawn from the sea. Lordly dishes of the choicest the ocean gives made the tables groan, but not the guests.

Leading men of shipping companies were present to offer their word of appreciation, and presidents and secretaries of societies for the seamen of Boston and New York tendered their words of praise. It was a veritable love feast for those whose work brings them into daily contact with the men "who go down to the sea in ships."

Dr. Nehemiah Boynton's address, after the supper, was masterly. Wherever he is placed that place becomes the quarter deck. His mastery of words of memory and hope shared with all of us the experiences which have been his in such rich measure and his readings of prophetic tomorrows.

The beauty and dignity of the Old South Church, in Copley Square, were the outward signs of an invisible grace for the closing service of the series on Tuesday evening. Its pastor lifted us in prayer. Song added to the uplift. And so did three addresses.

From Brookline Dr. Ashley Day Leavitt came with the grace and force which make him always so acceptable. And he showed himself at home on sea and land. Dean Charles R. Brown of Yale can bring the heavenly blue right up to the crimson courts of Cambridge and make the colors harmonize. How we love his packed sentences! Everyone has heard him, and that is just the reason why all want to hear him again. Equally at home by the Atlantic and the Pacific, he belongs to all the miles between the two.

But one of the finest touches of the evening, and one of the most fitting, was the historical sketch presented by Secretary Farren. He told of all the hundred years in a way which was a model of brevity and comprehension. Men and events appeared, and we were in Boston and at Martha's Vineyard, and in all the ports of the seven seas, with the seamen and those who knew and loved them in the hundred years.

"Tribute to whom tribute is due." Tribute was paid to the workers in the past, to those who are now laboring afloat and ashore, and shining prophecies were uttered for those to come, when a new building will give the equipment which such noble work could use so well and be the greater for it. The president, Rev. J. Romeyn Danforth of New London, Conn., was toastmaster at the dinner, and presided at the meeting in the Old South Church.

So was set the golden milestone of the hundred years of history, but on it also was engraved a golden hope for centuries yet to be. — J. R. D. — *The Congregationalist*, Dec. 22, 1927.

Rev. Albert J. Pitman.

THE Rev. Albert J. Pitman of Granville, Ill., who was invited in November to become Chaplain of this Society, accepted the call and began his work at the Sailor's Rest, Boston, January 15.

Mr. Pitman was born in Newfoundland in

1884. He received a high school education in his native land. Four seasons were spent by him in deep-sea fishing off the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador. He taught school and preached two years in his own country. At the age of twenty-two he became a home missionary preacher under the Methodist Episcopal Church in a frontier town in North Dakota.

During this period he studied and passed the prescribed course of training necessary for ordination to the Methodist ministry, studied at the University of North Dakota and sometime later was a student at the Garrett Bible Institute, Evanston, Ill. After two North Dakota pastorates, he removed to Illinois where he served several Methodist Episcopal churches until five years ago when he was unanimously called to the Congregational Church at Granville, Ill., where he has served with marked ability.

Mr. Pitman is an earnest, sincere, friendly man with a love for men. It is the conviction of the officers of this Society that Mr. Pitman has the peculiar qualities necessary for success in work for seamen.

From Our Chaplains.

Report of Rev. Albert J. Pitman,

Chaplain at Boston.

THE annual supper, given by the Old South Church Guild on January 17, was a very successful event. The viands were well prepared and were served in an attractive manner. It was reported, on good authority, that some of the boys sent their plates back to the galley for a third helping. We have been told that the greatest compliment that can be paid to the culinary artist is to eat heartily of the food prepared. If that statement is true, the one hundred and ninety-six seamen who sat down at the tables that evening were complimentary in every sense of the word.

As soon as the tables were cleared, Mr. John Gordon took the chair and introduced the musicians of the evening. Dr. Samuel H. Woodrow, a former president of the Society, pastor at Newton Highlands, was introduced and spoke briefly on the values to be derived from such occasions. His remarks were necessarily reminiscent, but lacked nothing of the fervor and the forward-looking spirit of one who wishes the best to come to an institution with which he has been connected in a very vital way. Dr. Stafford, pastor of the Old South Church, gave the address of the evening. He spoke as a landsman, but delivered a message that carried conviction to the hearts of the many seafarers present.

The music was furnished by the Old South Church Quartet — Mrs. Laura Littlefield, so-

prano; Mrs. Marion Aubens Wise, contralto; Mr. Norman Arnold, tenor; and Mr. G. Roberts Lunger, bass. Mr. Henry E. Wry, organist and director of the choir, was at the piano. Some very fine quartet selections were rendered, and each member enlivened the program with delightful solo numbers.

Not the least part of the entertainment were Miss Gordon's Scottish selections. Her mastery of the dialect gave delight and charm to each number. Everybody was well pleased.

Everything considered, the occasion was one not soon to be forgotten. It was historic; representatives of one of the oldest religious institutions of New England renewed the compact between them and that branch of our nation's life, the merchant marine, whose activities carry them back to the day of the Pilgrim Fathers.

There are many vital problems before us today, but not one of greater concern than that of human happiness. Whether on the purely materialistic plane, or on the higher levels of human achievement, each individual must face it, not as a personal matter wholly, but in the larger field of man's relation to his fellow man. "No man liveth to himself" may at certain times be regarded as a commonplace, but at the Sailor's Rest it is a most vital law of life and cannot be ignored. Whether for good or ill, men go together. To paraphrase Kipling, we can say, "the strength of the group is the man, and the strength of the man is the group." Our workers here are constantly confronted with men whose decisions are made on the plane of group con-

sciousness. As one under the influence of liquor said to us some days ago, "If I had the right kind of companions it would be entirely different." This may be an alibi, but it has a deeper meaning than is apparent on the surface of things.

Report of Austin R. Tower,

Superintendent at Vineyard Haven.

THE Christmas tree with its usual festivities took place on Monday evening, the 26th. Some of the tug-boat boys took great pleasure in decorating the little pine with colored lights and tinsel, and it stood a thing of beauty when they had finished. Miss Strahan of Vineyard Haven, whose willing service in song has been much appreciated in the past, assisted with the program, singing for the seamen some of the Christmas carols. Following the refreshments came the distribution of comfort bags which had been sent by the ladies from various towns in the State.

Each patient at the Marine Hospital received a little gift from the Bethel. To some who had been inmates there for many years were given underwear and needed apparel, while the transient ones received a comfort bag.

On the evening of December 30, in a very dense fog, two steamers came together near Hedge Fence lightship. One was not so badly damaged but that she proceeded on her way to New York, but the *Norfolk*, coal-laden from Philadelphia and bound to Portland, Maine, was turned about and headed for Vineyard Haven harbor and grounded in shoal water. A great gash had been cut through its steel side just forward of the engine room and the compartment soon filled with water and a large amount of coal escaped. A wrecking company and divers have been at work here now for nearly two weeks making temporary repairs before proceeding on the way to the dry-dock. The *Helen May* has brought members of the crew on shore nearly every night during their stay here and has given assistance in various ways. Several of the crew have

expressed their gratitude to the providential hand which spared their lives, for if the on-coming steamer had struck the boiler room, only a few feet farther aft, it would have meant sure death to many of them.

The third engineer, who at one time lived in Vineyard Haven, and is a member of the "Hold Fast" brotherhood, told how he met a fellow member in Calcutta, India, only a short time ago, and there first learned of Chaplain Edwards' home-going.

In course of conversation with a seaman of middle age, he told how, although living a wild life, he remembered much of the Bible which he read when a boy at home with his father and mother. On inquiring, it was found that he had no Testament on the vessel with him and so was presented with one. On the following night he made the remark that he almost got a whipping when he went aboard ship the night before, for the captain and cook both wanted his little Testament, which he would not give up. Another young man of the same crew made the remark that he did not get one of those little Testaments that his shipmate had and wished he could have one, too. How glad we are to give away the Scriptures to these boys!

An aged man in one of the Provinces of Canada saw a little Testament which his sailor nephew received in Vineyard Haven Bethel, and coaxed for it. It became so precious to him that it was placed in his hand when he was laid away in the little churchyard.

As has been the custom for several years, New Year's greetings were mailed to the members of the "Hold Fast" brotherhood, and the replies now coming back tell of varied experiences. Some have had prosperity, others poverty and hardship; some have had illness while others have been blessed with health.

One writes: "I became a member of your mission when I was sailing on a barge on Aug. 25, 1923, and I never will forget meeting Captain Edwards. I often talk to my wife about it and the mission. I take out my big chart and show her West Chop and East Chop and where the wharf is and the spot where the mission stands. I will always remember Vineyard Haven."

"Sailor Mother's" Log Notes.

Mrs. Eleanor May Roulston.

WHEN Santa Claus came down the gaily decorated chimney place in the Sailor's Rest, he saw a row of sailors' knitted socks, and one tiny red one for Jimmie Small of Bug Light, who was coming to visit us. Santa's eye rested approvingly on the sailors' Christmas trees, decked with twinkling adornments,

and snow, and icicles. He examined the various gifts, and said, "There isn't a snowflake in Boston this year, so I have had to leave my sleigh up North, and use the 'Spirit of Christmas,' which is tethered to the cockerel on the steeple. The sailors are the kindest-hearted men in the world, they have been

carrying my gifts to every port on the Globe, and I appreciate their unselfish service. See to it that they have concerts, services, carols, good cheer, and a radio. Thank all the friends who have helped the Society in its work for those far from their own firesides. Remember those who are in the hospitals, or on the stormy sea, in lighthouses, and on coast guard duty; and see that the young people have books, toys, balloons, candy, apples, games, mufflers, wristers, caps. Do not forget a single one!"

Santa's orders were obeyed, the radio was installed, and Christmas, 1927, is one more blessed memory of good seasons at the Sailor's Rest.

G——, when asking for a letter, remarked that he had been at sea every Christmas for thirty-four years. He was given a comfort bag.

One sailor asked for an *empty* comfort bag, saying, "I have a lot of little keepsakes that I must stow away safely."

THIS note was in a comfort bag: "May your Christmas ashore be full of happiness, and should you ask Santa Claus to grant you some favor I hope the old fellow will answer you with a hearty, 'Aye, Aye, Sir!' Best wishes for the coming year!"

ON a Gospel of St. John, in a comfort bag, were these words: "Don't forget to write to someone who is wondering where you are."

A LADY brought in a pair of wristers which she had knitted from wool from her own sheep.

H. M. D. came in to tell about his success and happiness since giving up drink, eleven years ago. He reverences his mother-in-law, who treats him like a prince, because she brought up the girl who is a kind and good wife to him, and a good little Christian also.

The Society saved him from becoming a drunkard.

B——Y—— returned from a voyage and said, "We lost our Bo's'n. He suffered from the exposure and strain in a series of hard storms, and took to his bunk. I went below to inquire what I could do. He asked for a drink of water. He drank it, thanked me, folded his hands on his breast, closed his eyes. When I spoke again, he didn't answer. He was dead. His last watch below."

M——, an old-time seaman, brought in a bouquet for the ladies, for the New Year and said, "May everything that you touch

spiritually in the coming year, be a success. I say that from the heart. I never talk from the teeth out." "In the course of half a century of sea-going experience," he remarked, "I have learned to keep out of other people's affairs. I mind one time when me and me friend Burke was walking peacefully along a street in Liverpool, and we heard terrible screeches like near-murder, coming from a woman who came tumblin' down a flight of steps at the toe of a big navvy's hob-nailed boot. She had a frying-pan in her fist, and perhaps the kick-out was a receipt for what she had done with the pan; but any ways, us two gallant tars, had to rush to help the lady in distress, and while I picked her up and dusted her off, Burke handed the husky navvy a proper salt-water wallop. When the lady sees this, what does she do, but forget all about the kick, and take his part! She brings the frying-pan down so hard on Burke's crown, that the bottom flew off and he has the frying-pan around his neck as neat as a collar, and his jug'lar vein in danger of being cut by it any minute; so we decides to leave beauty in distress, and make full speed ahead for the nearest public house where they got the pan off, leaving his physiognomy intact. But it learned us a lesson."



CHARLES APPLESTAM.

CHARLES APPLESTAM is proud of the fact that he is a member of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society's *Anchor Alliance*. Since joining it thirteen years ago, he has saved thousands of dollars, and was able to go

over to France with the American Legion last year. In the World War he was on the U. S. Cruiser *Aroostook*, in the mine fleet that laid over 56,000 mines. His chief desire in going over this time, was to visit his mother's grave in a little country churchyard near Stockholm, and place a wreath and an American flag, with a Swedish flag beside it, on that sacred spot. The pastor of the church told him that he felt proud and happy to see a son — an American sailor — come so far to pay honor to the memory of a good mother.

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IN June, Wm. C ——— said, "Well, I've just come in to say 'Good-bye.' I'm going away and may never come back because I'm heading for the Die House. The sea hardships have got me at last. So long, be good, until we meet — or never meet — again." Later, a letter came from U. S. Veterans' Hospital, Rutland Heights. "I've been transferred to the ward where the most serious cases are. You check out here, where I am, for the Great Beyond." Wm. C ———

Later a message came to the Seaman's Friend Society, that this soldier-sailor had entered the port of peace.

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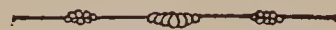
A MATE came in to tell us that he pays a man to look after his *twenty cows*, and another to look after the farm; and he has money in the bank, and hasn't drunk for years. "I am a *farmer-sailor*," he said, "and can get home very often, so my wife doesn't object because she knows that I *cannot keep away from the sea*. I *must go to sea*—".

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SAILORS pick up odd pets to bring home, as pleasant surprises for the home folk. On the voyage they become attached to these parrots, cats, honey bears, monkeys, trained fleas, stag beetles, and chameleons, and when they reach port they are pals and "buddies." They delightedly present the "surprise," and are shocked to see the "working of the *feminine mind*." Two sailors at the Sailor's Rest told us about their troubles. One said, "I paid thirty dollars for a white-faced spider monkey for the wife, and that little fellow knew as much as the captain. When I took him home, the wife said, 'You have a dog and puppies, you have a cat and kittens; I draw the line at a monkey; take him back on board ship.' The monkey might have been allowed to stay, but he hung one of the puppies up on a picture, and did other mischievous acts, so I had to give him to Franklin Park Zoo."

The other sailor's family objected to a baby alligator, and a parrot that used nautical language at times. An old whaler's way of

amusing a monkey was simple. He used to put sticky wax on his paws, and give him some feathers. At the Rest the cat wouldn't eat, so John Adams put bacon fat on her tail, to give her "a good square" licking it off. That demonstrated "the working of the *masculine mind*."



Mother.

Never too busy, she was, to hear
The little doubt or the little fear;
Never too busy to set aright
The dreams that haunted the darksome night.
Never too busy to read a book
Of fairy tales, in some hidden nook.
Never too busy to kiss or praise,
Never too busy to fill our days
With the faith that lives and the joys that start
From the brimming depths of a mother-heart!

— Margaret E. Sangster.



Johnny Parrot.

Johnny Parrot, Johnny Parrot! I'll not hear
you again,
That old voice of yours a-ringin' down
the windy rain
When the ocean mornin's clearin' an' the
gale is past,
An' we're a-yo-heave-ho-in' by the big main
mast.

Johnny Parrot, Johnny Parrot! I can see
'em now,
Southeast trade-wind seas a-breakin' high
above the bow.
I can see the yellow oilskins of a shoutin'
crew;
Hear the roarin' of their chanty chorus led
by you.

I can feel the clipper tremble as she lifts
her feet,
An' her dainty bows are dancin' down the
sea's wide street.
I hear Johnny Parrot singin' — singin' "Roll
an' go,"
An' the sons of forty seaports roarin' "Yo-
heave-ho!" — Bill Adams.



An old countrywoman who was enjoying the sights of the River Mersey from the Liverpool landing-stage said to a bystander, "Yon's a funny ship."

"That's not a ship," was the response; "it's a dredger."

After watching the string of buckets for a while and seeing them go down empty and come up full, the old woman said, "D'you know, them men down below filling the buckets ought to get good wages."

— Liverpool Post.

The Woman's Seaman's Friend Society.

MRS. FRANKLIN P. SHUMWAY
President

MRS. HARRIS M. BARNES
Treasurer

MRS. WILLIAM M. MORGAN
Recording Secretary

ALL through the year, the Hut of the Woman's Seaman's Friend Society at the Marine Hospital, Chelsea, is the place where the good will and motherly spirit of the women meets, in a practical way, the needs of the men. It is here that Mrs. Williams, who is in charge of the Hut, listens to the confidences of a homesick boy, or helps a troubled man to solve his problems and daily plays the part of a real friend to the men.

When all this goes on for eleven months, it is to be expected that December would bring added activities, due to the holiday season, and on the Wednesday preceding Christmas several members of the board of the Woman's Seaman's Friend Society carried generous baskets of fruit to some of the men confined to the wards. One young man, a recent arrival in the Hospital, and perhaps not looking forward to a very joyous Christmas, received a basket with much surprise that anyone should remember him; and the last glimpse had of his face, as the ladies left the ward, was of interested investigation as he explored the basket.

There were gaily wrapped packages of tobacco for the older men, with a greeting card from the Society; and one hundred and fifty little Christmas stockings filled with nuts and candy to be hung on the tree, and which the men like to slip under their pillow, or tuck in a pocket, to be quietly enjoyed after the festivities are over.

For the convalescents there were the gaily decorated corridors and the excitement of the annual Christmas Hop, held at the Naval Hospital. Each ward is well decorated with greens, bright paper, and a tree; and all possible was done to bring Christmas cheer to the men.

Sometimes the small sum or article contributed, brings results which would surprise the donor; for instance, the lady who brought in two warm knitted mufflers just before Christmas did not know that one of them would immediately go to diver Fred S. Michels who so nearly lost his life in the rescue work on the submarine *S-4*, and who spent his Christmas at the Naval Hospital; or the friend who gave a package of jackstraws, did not foresee that they would furnish an evening of pleasure to four men of different nationalities, Chinese, Spanish, East Indian and Malayan, unable to speak to each other but all able to play jackstraws with glee and goodfellowship.

Occasionally, a small sum of money is given to Mrs. Williams to be used for a little treat of cocoa and crackers for the men, who "dearly love" to come into the warm, home-like room

on a winter night and find a cup of something hot.

They are so appreciative of any interest shown in their happiness and welfare, so responsive to friendly overtures, it is indeed deeply gratifying to help, even in some small way, to brighten the hours of suffering and confinement of these men of the sea.



The Boatswain's Story.

" 'Tis a hundred years," said the Bo'sun bold,
"Since I was a boy at sea;
'Tis a hundred years, so I've been told,
And that's the truth," said he.
"We sailed one day from Milford Bay,
The North Pole for to see;
And we found it, too — without much ado,
And that's the truth," said he.

"We sailed and sailed, and one fair noon
A great whale we espied.
So we took a rope and a long harpoon,
And stuck him in the starboard side.
Then away and away went the great big whale,
And away and away went we.
Tied fast to his tail to the North we did sail,
And that's the truth," said he.

"When we came to the great North Star
An iceberg we did see.
Said the Captain: 'Now we have come thus far,
I am not going back,' said he.
So we tickled the tail of the great big whale
With a tenpenny nail did we,
And we sailed right thro' that iceberg blue,
And that's the truth," said he.

"And then the North Pole we did see,
And we anchored the whale astern.
But he gave us a whack, that sent us back,
Or I mightn't have been spinning this yarn.
So messmates all," said the Bo'sun bold,
"If the North Pole you would see,
You've only got to sail at the tail of a whale,
And that's the truth," said he.

— *Lake Carriers' Association Bulletin.*



"LIKE the rainbow after a storm, the faithfulness of a friend is noted for its rare beauty." The sailors have more than their share of life's rough storms, and need the prismatic bow of promise called The Seaman's Friend.

CONDITIONAL GIFT PLAN

¶ Leif Ericson, who brought Christianity into Greenland, landed on the New England coast about the year 1000.

¶ The centuries passed but the romance and call of the sea have always clung to the New England shores and the tang of her breezes has spread over plain and hill and mountain range; the Indian in his tent, the pioneer in his log cabin, and the modern man in his office, have one and all responded to her lure.

¶ For a hundred years the Boston Seaman's Friend Society, Inc., has heard the call, has felt the romance, and has stretched out the hand of Christ-like friendliness to the mariners, not of the sea Leif knew and sailed, but of the seas of all the world, whom the winds of fortune or misfortune brought within its reach.

¶ We want you to know the joy of this contact and the thrill of this ageless romance through the Conditional Gift Plan, now for the first time being presented to our friends. Through this method gifts, large or small, may be made, securing to the donor or other designated person, a life annuity, payable semi-annually, guaranteed by a century-old organization, whose property to-day is worth \$200,000, and whose work for the past century for seamen cannot be measured in money values.

¶ The investment thus made is stable, markets cannot affect it, and the annuity, dependent on the age of the annuitant, does not fluctuate but remains a constant and fair return. Down into the future go the beneficent results in the ever larger and larger work that this Society is enabled to do for the men of the sea whose needs it serves.

¶ Will you not project yourself, your thought, your money, into this "mellow epic of the sea"? Become one of our increasing number of loyal and devoted friends; see your money in the way of ever more effective good; feel yourself the call of the sea; help expand our activities both now and in the years to come.

¶ Our Treasurer or Committee on Annuities and Legacies will be glad to answer all questions and present full details of the Plan.

BOSTON SEAMAN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, Inc.

14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Mr. Charles F. Stratton
Treasurer

Rev. Henry H. Guernsey, M.A.
Rev. Theodore E. Busfield, D.D.
Mr. Willard C. Hill,

Committee

BEQUESTS.

If for any reason you find it inadvisable to utilize the Society's Conditional Gift Plan, may we suggest that in making your Will you remember the sailor and his needs by naming this Society in it for a substantial amount.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Boston Seaman's Friend Society, Inc., the sum of \$. to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society.

